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IOLANTHE



or the
PEER

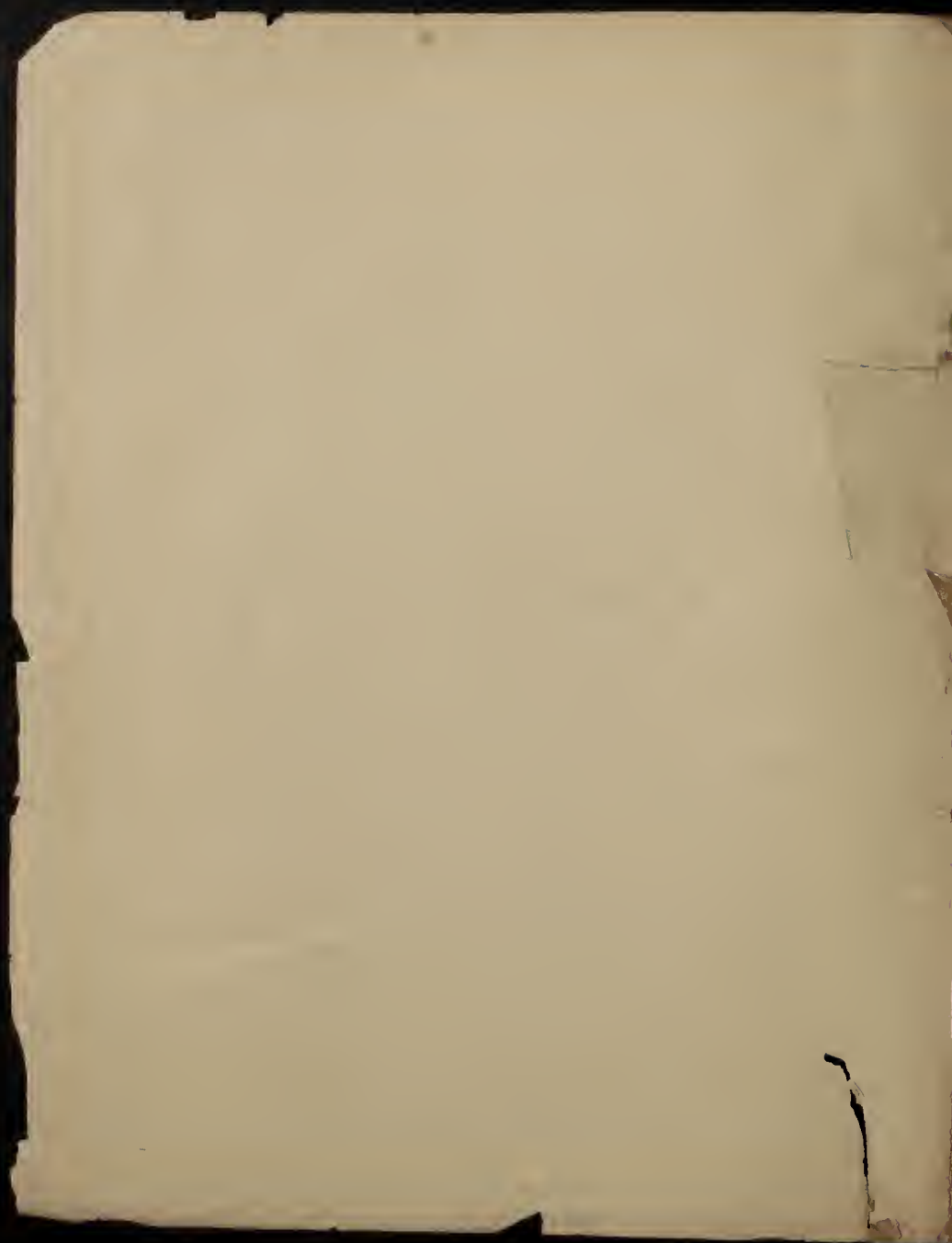
and the
PERI.

Written by
W. S. GILBERT

Composed by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

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OR

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WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT

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LONDON.

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W. S. GILBERT.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

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IOLANTHE; OR, THE PEER AND THE PERI.

<i>Dramatis personæ.</i>							
THE LORD CHANCELLOR
EARL OF MOUNTARARAT
EARL TOLLIVER
PRIVATE WILLIS (<i>of the Grenadier Guards</i>)
STREPHON (<i>an Arcadian Shepherd</i>)
QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES
IOLANTHE (<i>a Fairy, Strephon's Mother</i>)
CELIA	} <i>Fairies</i>
LEILA	
FLETA	
PHYLLIS (<i>an Arcadian Shepherdess and Ward in Chancery</i>)
CHORUS OF DUKES, MARQUISES, EARLS, VISCOUNTS, BARONS, AND FAIRIES.							

ACT I.—An Arcadian Landscape. ACT II.—Palace Yard, Westminster.
Date, between 1700 and 1882.

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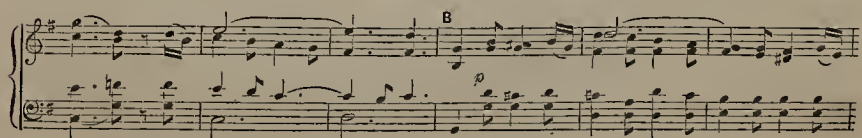
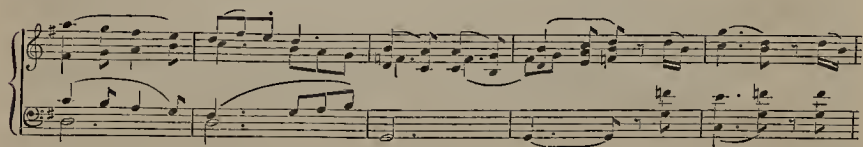
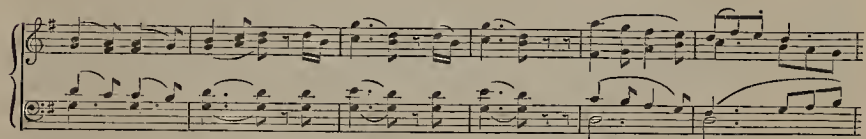
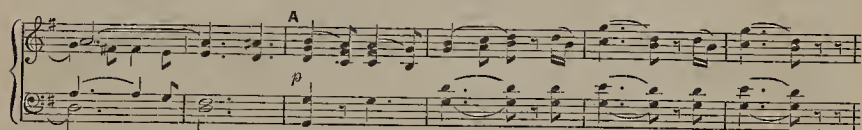
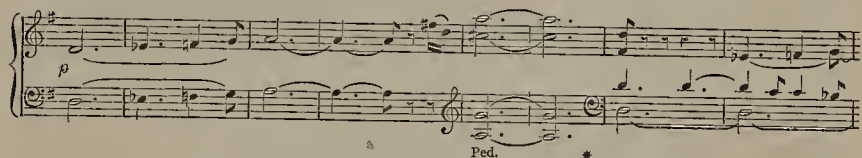
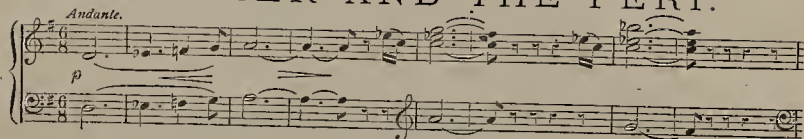
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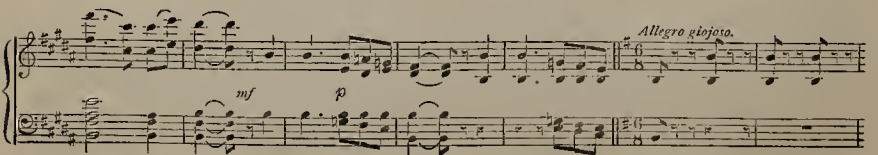
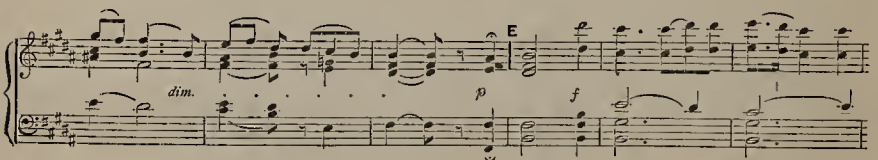
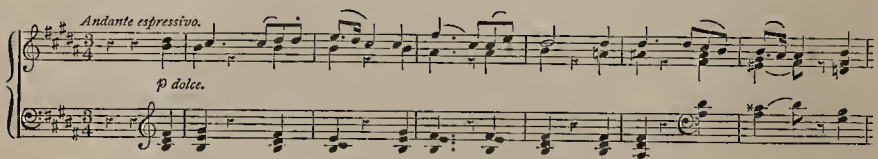
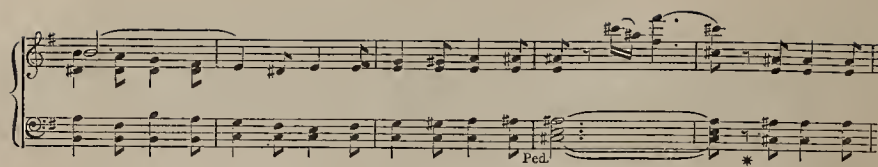
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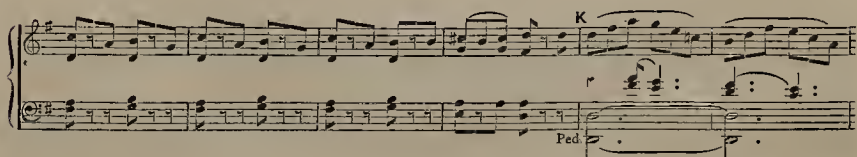
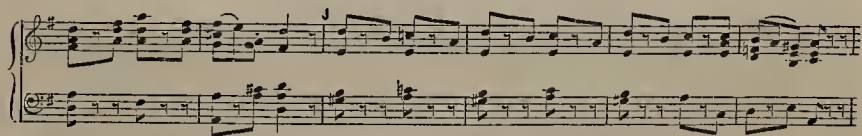
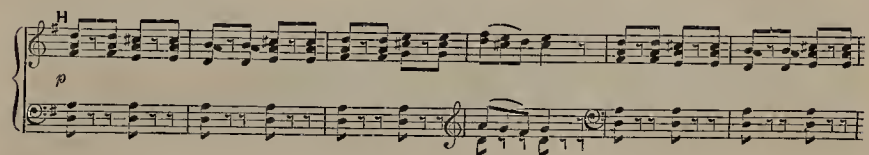
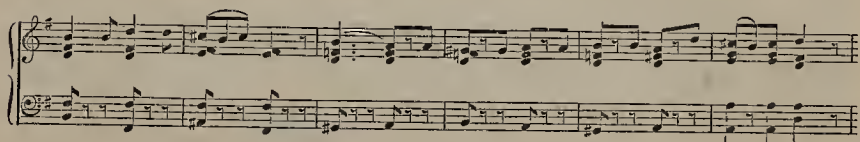
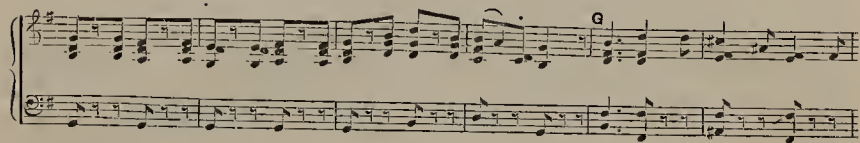
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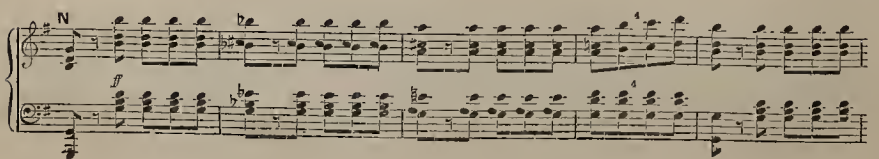
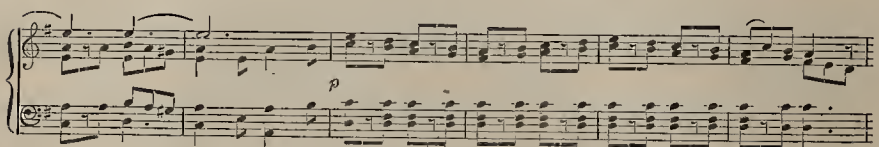
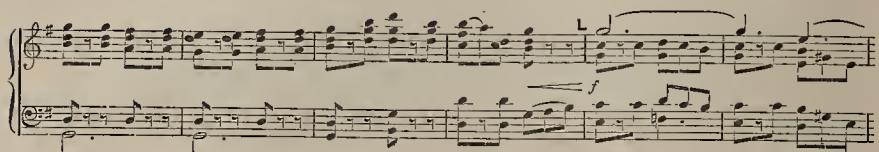
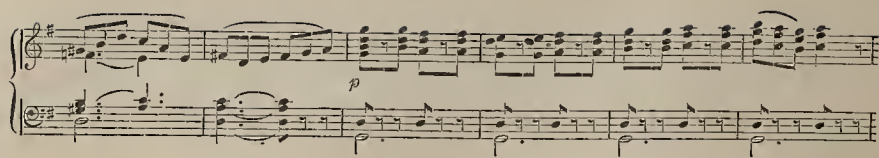
Andante.

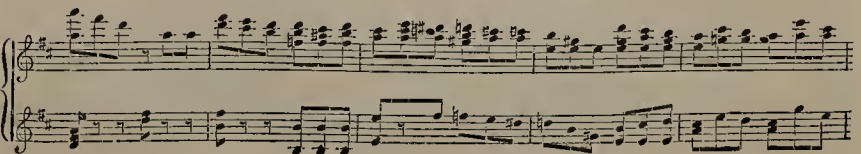
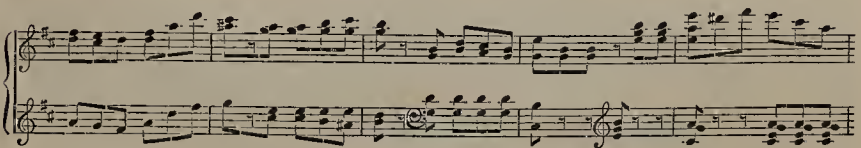
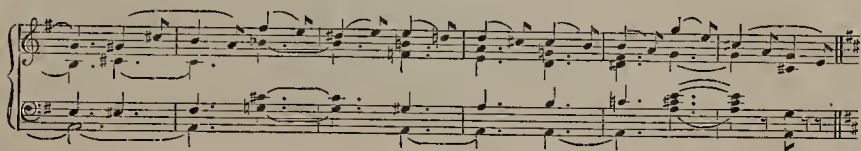
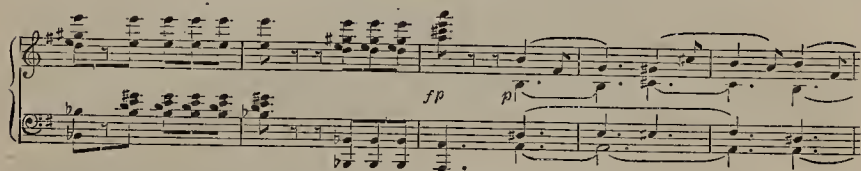
PIANO.











poco marcato.

R

Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ff

S

8va.

Ped. *

8va.

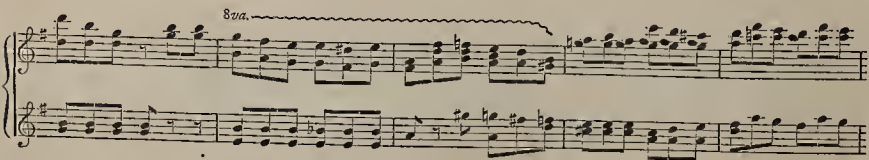
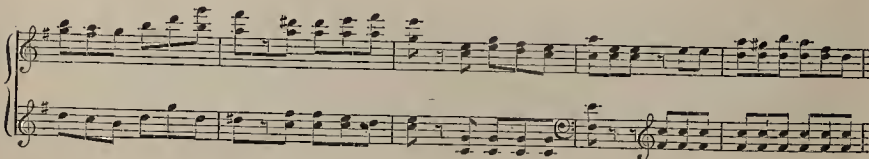
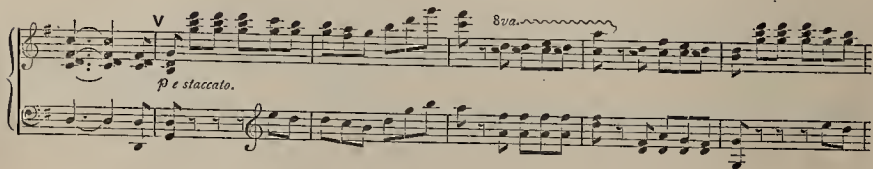
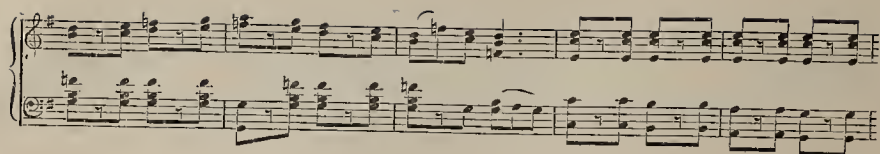
8va.

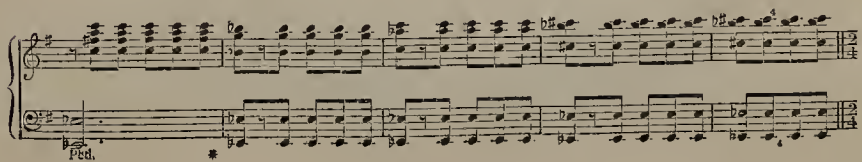
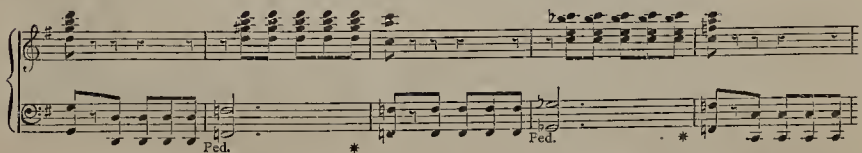
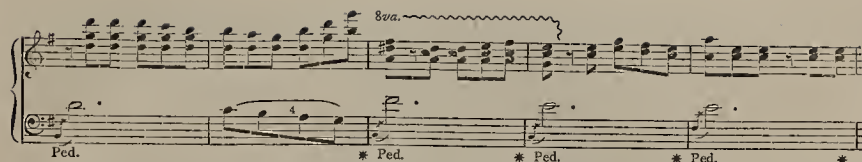
8va.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

This page contains six systems of musical notation, each consisting of a piano (p) and violin (v) staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

- System 1:** The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The violin part has a melodic line with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic.
- System 2:** Continues the melodic development in the violin and the accompaniment in the piano.
- System 3:** The piano part has a more active eighth-note pattern. The violin part includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.
- System 4:** The piano part continues with a consistent eighth-note accompaniment. The violin part features a more complex melodic line with some triplets.
- System 5:** The piano part has a more active eighth-note pattern. The violin part includes a *f* (forte) dynamic marking.
- System 6:** The piano part continues with a consistent eighth-note accompaniment. The violin part features a more complex melodic line with some triplets.





Lo stesso tempo.

fp

cre - sca - do.

ff

Ped.

8va.

stringendo.

8va.

più vivo.

8va.

The musical score consists of seven systems of staves. The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Lo stesso tempo.' and a dynamic of 'fp'. The second system is marked 'Z Animato.' and includes the instruction 'cre - sca - do.' with a 'ff' dynamic and a 'Ped.' marking. The third system features an '8va.' marking and the instruction 'stringendo.' The fourth system has a 'più vivo.' marking. The fifth and sixth systems continue the piece with various chordal textures. The seventh system concludes with another '8va.' marking and a final cadence.

IOLANTHE

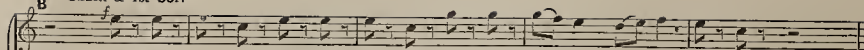
OR

THE PEER AND THE PERI

No. 1. OPENING CHORUS OF FAIRIES.—SOLI—(Celia & Leila.)

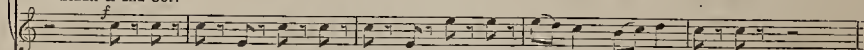
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B CELIA & 1st SOP.

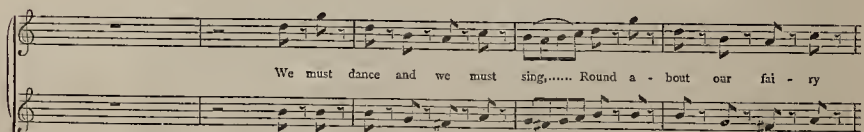
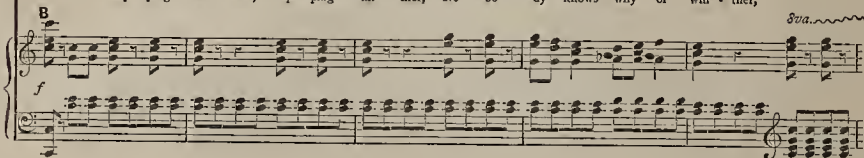


CHORUS. Trip - ping hi - ther, trip - ping thi - ther, No - bo - dy knows why or whi - ther,

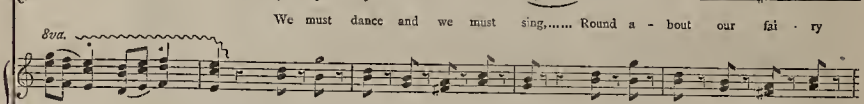
LIELA & 2nd SOP.



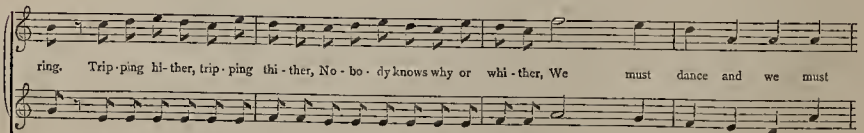
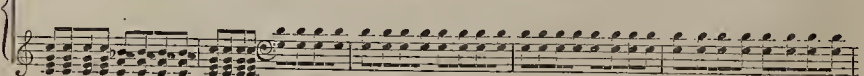
Trip - ping hi - ther, trip - ping thi - ther, No - bo - dy knows why or whi - ther,



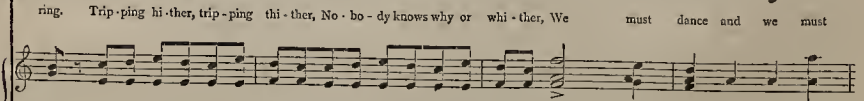
We must dance and we must sing,..... Round a - bout our fai - ry



We must dance and we must sing,..... Round a - bout our fai - ry



ring. Trip - ping hi - ther, trip - ping thi - ther, No - bo - dy knows why or whi - ther, We must dance and we must



ring. Trip - ping hi - ther, trip - ping thi - ther, No - bo - dy knows why or whi - ther, We must dance and we must



sing, Round a - bout our fai - ry ring, Trip - ping hi - ther, trip - ping thi - ther, No - bo - dy knows why or

whither, We must dance and we must sing, Round a - bout our fai - - ry ring.

SOLO. CELIA.

We are dain - ty lit - tle fai - ries, E - ver sing - ing, e - ver dan - cing; We in -

slacc.

dulge in our va - ga - ries In a fash - ion most en - tran - cing. If you ask the spe - cial func - tion Of our

ne - ver ceas - ing mo - tion, We re - ply with some com - pun - cion That we have - n't a - ny no - tion,

D CHORUS.

No, we have - n't a - ny no - tion! a - ny no - tion! Trip - ping hi - ther, trip - ping
 No, we have - n't a - ny no - tion! a - ny no - tion! Trip - ping hi - ther, trip - ping

D

thi - ther, No - bo - dy knows why or whi - ther, We must dance and we must sing, Round a .
 thi - ther, No - bo - dy knows why or whi - ther, We must dance and we must sing, Round a .

E SOLO. LEILA.

. bout our fai - ry ring. If you ask us how we live, Lo - vers
 . bout our fai - ry ring.

E

all es - sen - tials give; We can ride on lo - vers' sighs, Warm our - selves in

stacc.

lo - vers' eyes, Bathe our - selves in lo - vers' tears, Clothe our - selves with lo - vers' fears,

Arm our - selves with lo - vers' darts, Hide our - selves in lo - vers' hearts, When you know us

F CHORUS.
you'll dis - co - ver That we al - most live on lo - ver. Yes, we live on

Yes, we live on

F
cres.

lo - ver. Trip - ping hi - ther, trip - ping thi - ther, No - bo - dy knows why or whi - ther, We must

lo - ver. Trip - ping hi - ther, trip - ping thi - ther, No - bo - dy knows why or whi - ther, We must

dance and we must sing, Round a - bout our fai - ry ring,

dance and we must sing, Round a - bout our fai - ry ring,

G *ff*
We are dain - ty lit - tle fai - ries, E - ver sing - ing, e - ver dan - cing; We in -

ff
We are dain - ty lit - tle fai - ries, E - ver sing - ing, e - ver dan - cing; We in -

G

- dulse in our va - ga - ries In a fash - ion most en - tran - cing, . . . most en -

- dulse in our va - ga - ries In a fash - ion most en - tran - cing, . . . most en -

dim. *p*
- tran - cing, . . . most en - tran - cing. Tripping hi-ther, tripping

dim. *p*
- tran - cing, . . . most en - tran - cing. Tripping hi-ther, tripping

dim. *p*

thi-ther, No-bo-dy knows why or whi-ther.

thi-ther, No-bo-dy knows why or whi-ther.

f *pp*

(At the end of chorus all sigh wearily.)

CELIA. Ah, it's all very well, but since our queen banished Iolanthe fairy revels have not been what they were.

LEILA. Iolanthe was the life and soul of Fairyland. Why, she wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing her songs and we trip her measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves.

FLETA. To think that five-and-twenty years have elapsed since she was banished! What could she have done to have deserved so terrible a punishment?

LEILA. Something awful: she married a mortal.

FLETA. Oh! Is it injudicious to marry a mortal?

LEILA. Injudicious? It strikes at the root of the whole fairy system. By our laws the fairy who marries a mortal dies.

CELIA. But Iolanthe didn't die.

Enter QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

QUEEN. No, because your queen, who loved her with a surpassing love, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life, on condition that she left her husband without a word of explanation and never communicated with him again.

LEILA. And that sentence of penal servitude she is now working out at the bottom of that stream?

QUEEN. Yes. But when I banished her I gave her all the heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she should live pleasant places of the earth to dwell in. I'm sure I never among the frogs. And— Well! well! it shall be as you wish.

intended that she should go and live at the bottom of that stream. It makes me perfectly wretched to think of the discomfort she must have undergone.

LEILA. To think of the damp! And her chest was always delicate.

QUEEN. And the frogs! nigh! I never shall enjoy any peace of mind until I know why Iolanthe went to live among the frogs.

FLETA. Then why not summon her and ask her?

QUEEN. Why? Because if I set eyes on her I should forgive her at once.

CELIA. Then why not forgive her? Twenty-five years! it's a long time.

LEILA. Think how we loved her!

QUEEN. Loved her? What was your love to mine? Why, she was invaluable to me! Who taught me to curl myself inside a buttercup? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to dive into a dewdrop, to nestle in a nutshell, to gambol upon gossamer? Iolanthe!

LEILA. She certainly did surprising things.

QUEEN. Loved her? What was your love to mine? Why, she was invaluable to me! Who taught me to curl myself inside a buttercup? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to dive into a dewdrop, to nestle in a nutshell, to gambol upon gossamer? Iolanthe!

FLETA. Oh give her back to us, great queen—for your sake, if not for ours. (All kneel in supplication.)

QUEEN. (irresolute.) Oh, I should be strong, but I am weak; I should be marble, but I am clay. Her punishment has been heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she should live pleasant places of the earth to dwell in. I'm sure I never among the frogs. And— Well! well! it shall be as you wish.

No. 2. INVOCATION—(Queen, Iolanthe, Celia, Leila, & Chorus of Fairies.)

Andante.

PIANO. *p*

QUEEN. *A*

I - o - lan - the! From thy dark ex - ile thou art sum - - - moned,

Ped. *

Ped. *

CELIA: *p*

Come to our call, come, come, I - o - lan - - - the! I - o -

LEILA. CHORUS OF FAIRIES. CELIA & 1st SOPRANO. *cres.*

lan . . . the! I-o-lan . . . the! Come to our

LEILA & 2nd SOPRANO. *cres.*

Come to our

cres.

unis. TUTT. *dim.*

call, . . . I-o-lan . . . the! . . . I-o-lan . . . the! . . .

f *dim.*

p B

come!

B *p*

IOLANTRÉ rises from the water. She is clad in tattered and sombre garments. She approaches the QUEEN with head bent and arms crossed.

pp

JOIANTHE.
 With hum - bled breast,

pp legato.

And ev - ry hope laid low, To thy be - best, Of - fend - ed

QUEEN.
 Queen,-- I bow. For a dark sin a - gainst our fai - ry laws We

p

sent thee in - to life - long ban - ish - ment, But mer - cy holds her away . . . with - in ear

p

hearts, . . . Rise! Rise, thou art par - - don'd!

cres. . . . f

cres.

Her rags fall from her, and she appears clothed as a fairy. The QUEEN places a diamond coronet on her head and embraces her. The others also embrace her.

Animato.

IOLANTHE

Par - - - don'd!

CHORUS. CELIA & 1st SOP.

Par - - - don'd!

LELIA & 2nd SOP.

Par - - - don'd!

Animato.

f

Ped.

*

F CELIA & 1st SOP.

Wel - come to our hearts a - gain, I - o - lan - the! I - o - lan - the! We have shar'd thy

F CELIA, QUEEN, & 2nd SOP.

Wel - come to our hearts a - gain, I - o - lan - the! I - o - lan - the! We have shar'd thy

mf

bit - ter pain, I - o - lan - the! I - o - lan - the! Ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry hand

bit - ter pain, I - o - lan - the! I - o - lan - the! Ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry hand

In our lov - ing lit - tle band Wel - comes thee to fai - ry - land, I - o - lan - the! I - o -

In our lov - ing lit - tle band Wel - comes thee to fai - ry - land, I - o - lan - the! I - o -

- lan - the! I - o - lan - - - - - the! I - o - lan - - - -

- lan - the! Wel - comes thee to fai - ry - land, I - o - lan - - - -

the! I-o-lan - - the!

the! I-o-lan - - the!

dim. pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

QUEEN. And now tell me: with all the world to choose from, why on earth did you decide to live at the bottom of that stream?

Io. To be near my son, Strephon.

QUEEN. Your son! Bless my heart! I didn't know you in had a son.

Io. He was born soon after I left my husband by your royal command, but he doesn't even know of his father's existence.

FLORA. How old is he?

Io. Twenty-four.

LEILA. Twenty-four! No one to look at you would think you had a son of twenty-four? But of course that's one of the advantages of being immortal—we never grow old. Is he pretty?

Io. He's extremely pretty, but he's inclined to be stout.

ALL (*disappointed*). Oh!

QUEEN. I see no objection to stoutness in moderation.

CELIA. And what is he?

Io. He's an Arcadian shepherd, and he loves Phyllis, a ward in Chancery.

CELIA. A mere shepherd, and he half a fairy!

Io. He's a fairy down to the waist, but his legs are mortal.

CELIA. Dear me!

QUEEN. I have no reason to suppose that I am more curious than other people, but I confess I should like to see a person who is a fairy down to the waist, but whose legs are mortal.

Io. Nothing easier, for here he comes.

Enter STREPHON, singing and dancing, and playing on a flageolet.
He does not see the Fairies, who retire up stage as he enters.

No. 3. Entrance of Strephon. SOLO—(Strephon, & Chorus of Fairies.)

PIANO.

Allegretto.

f Ped. *

p

STREPHON.

Good-mor-row, good mo - ther, Good

mor-row, good-mor-row ! . . . By some means or o - ther Pray ban-ish your sor-row ; With

A

joy be-yond tell-ing My bo - som is swell-ing, So join in a mea-sure Ex - pres-sive of plea-sure, For I'm to be mar-ried to -

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

. day, to - day ! Yes, I'm to be mar-ried to - day ! . . . Yes, be's to be mar-ried to - day, to - day ! Yes,

B

be's to be mar-ried to - day.

B

f Ped. *

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Allegretto' and 'f Ped.' (forte with pedal). The piano part features a flowing eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'Good-mor-row, good mo - ther, Good'. The score continues with a series of musical phrases, including a section marked 'A' and another marked 'B'. The piano part includes dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte), as well as a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction. The vocal part includes lyrics such as 'By some means or o - ther Pray ban-ish your sor-row ; With joy be-yond tell-ing My bo - som is swell-ing, So join in a mea-sure Ex - pres-sive of plea-sure, For I'm to be mar-ried to - day, to - day ! Yes, I'm to be mar-ried to - day ! . . . Yes, be's to be mar-ried to - day, to - day ! Yes, be's to be mar-ried to - day.' The score concludes with a final piano flourish marked 'f Ped.' and an asterisk.

Io. Then the Lord Chancellor has at last given his consent to your marriage with his beautiful ward, Phyllis?

STREPH. Not he, indeed! To all my tearful prayers he answers me, "A shepherd lad is no fit helpmate for a ward of Chancery." I stood in court, and there I sang him songs of Arcadée, with flageolet accompaniment, in vain. At first he seemed amused, so did the Bar, but, quickly wearying of my song and pipe, he bade me get out. A servile usher then, in crumpled bands and rusty bombazine, led me, still singing, into Chancery Lane! I'll go no more; I'll marry her to-day, and brave the upshot, be what it may!—(Sees *Fairies*.) But who are these?

Io. Oh, Strephon, rejoice with me; my queen has pardoned me!

STREPH. Pardoned you, mother? This is good news, indeed! Io. And these ladies are my beloved sisters.

STREPH. Your sisters? Then they are my aunts (*kneels*).

QUEEN. A pleasant piece of news for your bride on her wedding-day!

STREPH. Hush! My bride knows nothing of my fairyhood. I dare not tell her, lest it frighten her. She thinks me mortal, and prefers me so.

LEILA. Your fairyhood doesn't seem to have done you much good.

STREPH. Much good? It's the curse of my existence!

What's the use of being half a fairy? My body can creep through a keyhole, but what's the good of that when my legs are left kicking behind? I can make myself invisible down to the waist, but that's of no use when my legs remain exposed to view. My brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist downward I'm a gibbering idiot. My upper half is immortal, but my lower half grows older every day, and some day or other must die of old age. What's to become of my upper half when I've buried my lower half, I really don't know.

QUEEN. I see your difficulty, but with a fairy brain you should seek an intellectual sphere of action. Let me see: I've a borough or two at my disposal; would you like to go into Parliament?

Io. A fairy member! That would be delightful.

STREPH. I'm afraid I should do no good there. You see, down to the waist I'm a Tory of the most determined description, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and on a division they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby. You see, they're two to one, which is a strong working majority.

QUEEN. Don't let that distress you; you shall be returned as a Liberal-Conservative, and your legs shall be our peculiar care.

STREPH. (*bowing*). I see Your Majesty does not do things by halves.

QUEEN. No; we are fairies down to the feet.

No. 4. Exit of Fairies. SOLO—(Queen, & Chorus of Fairies.)

QUEEN.

Fare thee well, at - trac - tive stran - ger,

Allegretto.

PIANO.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

QUEEN.

Fare thee well, at - trac - tive stran - ger! Should'st thou be in

doubt or dan - ger, Pe - ril or per - plex - i - tee, Call us, and we'll come to

CHORUS.

there, Aye, call us, and we'll come to thee, Trip-ping hi-ther, trip-ping

thi-ther, No-bod-y knows why or whi-ther, We must now be tak-ing wing To an-

-o-ther fai-ry ring. Trip-ping hi-ther, trip-ping thi-ther, We must now be tak-ing

wing To an-o-ther fai-ry ring.

*Fairies and QUEEN trip off, IOLANTHE, who takes an affectionate
farewell of her son, going off last.*

p stacc.

f p

No. 4a. Entrance of Phyllis. SOLI—(Phyllis and Strephon.)

PHYLLIS.

Allegretto. *f* *p*

PIANO.

Good-morrow, good lo-ver! . . . Good

lo-ver, good mor-row! I pri-thee dis-co-ver, Steal, pur-chase, or bor-row, Some

means of con-veal-ing The care you are feel-ing, And join in a "mea-sure Ex-pres-sive of plea-sure, For we're to be mar-ried to -

STREPHON & PHYLLIS.

- day, to-day, Yes, we're to be mar-ried to-day! . . . Yes, we're to be mar-ried to-day. to-day, Yes,

B

we're to be mar-ried to-day! . . . B

STREPH. My Phyllis! And to day we're to be made happy years? Why, you might fall in love with the Lord Chancellor for ever.

PHYL. Well, we're to be married.

STREPH. It's the same thing.

PHYL. Well, I suppose it is. But oh, Strephon, I tremble at the step we're taking. I believe it's penal servitude for life to marry a ward of court without the Lord Chancellor's consent. I shall be of age in two years. Don't you think you could wait two years?

STREPH. Two years! You can't have seen yourself. Here, look at that (*offering mirror*), and tell me if you think it's reasonable to expect me to wait two years?

PHYL. No; you're quite right; it's asking too much—one must be reasonable.

STREPH. Besides, who knows what will happen in two

himself by that time.

PHYL. Yes, he's a clever old gentleman.

STREPH. As it is, half the House of Lords are sighing at

PHYL. The House of Lords is certainly extremely attentive.

STREPH. Attentive? I should think they were! Why did five-and-twenty Liberal peers come down to shoot over your grass-plot last autumn? It couldn't have been the sparrows.

Why did five-and-twenty Conservative peers come down to fish in your pond? Don't tell me it was the goldfish! No, no. Delays are dangerous, and if we are to marry, the sooner the

better.

No. 5.

DUET—(Phyllis & Strephon.)

Andante non troppo lento.

PIANO.

PHYLIS.

o ther- I to thee and thou to me! Thou the tree and
beat - ing, Mine the love that heart en - shrined; Thou the stream and

I the tree,
I the stream,

I the flow - er - Thou the i - dol; I the throng - Thou the day and
I the wil - low - Thou the sculp - tor; Thou the clay - Thou the o - cean;
Thou the flow - er; I the i - dol; Thou the throng; I the day and
Thou the wil - low; I the sculp - tor; Thou the clay; I the o - cean;

f
cres.

1st time.

I the hour - Thou the sing - er; I the song!
I the bil - low - Thou the sun - rise; I the song!
thou the hour - I the sing - er; thou the song!
thou the bil - low - I the sun - rise; thou the song!

dim. *p*

2nd time.

day! Thou the stream and I the wil - low - Thou the sculp - tor;
day! I the stream and thou the

C

I the clay— Thou the o - cean; I the bil - low—
 wil - low— I the o - cean; I the bil - low—

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The vocal parts have lyrics: "I the clay— Thou the o - cean; I the bil - low—" and "wil - low— I the o - cean; I the bil - low—". The piano accompaniment features a complex, flowing melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

Thou the sun - rise; I the day! *Exeunt STREPHON and PHYLLIS.*
 I the sun - rise; Thou the day!

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The vocal parts have lyrics: "Thou the sun - rise; I the day!" and "I the sun - rise; Thou the day!". The piano accompaniment features a more rhythmic melody with many eighth and sixteenth notes. Dynamic markings include *f*, *p*, and *pp*.

*March. Enter Procession of Peers, headed by the EARL OF
 MOUNT ARARAT and EARL OF TOLLCLER.*

No. 6. Entrance & March of Peers.—CHORUS—(Tenors & Basses.)

Allegro maestoso.

PIANO. *f*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'PIANO' and 'f' (forte). The tempo is 'Allegro maestoso'. The score is in 2/4 time and the key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The piano part consists of six systems of music. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The subsequent systems show the piano accompaniment and the vocal lines. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The vocal lines are written for tenors and basses. The score is a chorus piece, likely for a theatrical production.

CHORUS. TENORS.

Loud - ly let the trum - pet bray, Tan - tan - ta - ra,

BASSES.

Loud - ly let the trum - pet bray, . .

8va.

C

f

tan - tan - ta - ra! Proud - ly bang the sound - ing brass - es, . .

Proud - ly bang the sound - ing brass - es, . .

Tzing, boom!

As up - on its lord - ly way This u - nique pro - ces - sion pass - es.

As up - on its lord - ly way This u - nique pro - ces - sion pass - es.

p

f

D

Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing,

D

f

ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra! Tzing,

boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra! Tzing,

E

boom! Bow, bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es! Bow, bow, ye

boom!

E

tradesmen, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the trum - pets, bang the brass - es, Tan - tan - ta - ra! Tzing, boom!

Bow, bow, ye low - er mid - die class - es, Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the trum - pets,

Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra! Tzing,

bang the brass - es. Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tzing,

F *cres.* *ff*

legato.

boom, tzing, boom! We are Peers of high - est . .

boom, tzing, boom!

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in B-flat major and 4/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'legato.' The lyrics are 'boom, tzing, boom! We are Peers of high - est . .'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand.

sta - tion, Pa - - - ra - - - gons of le - - - gis - -

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'sta - tion, Pa - - - ra - - - gons of le - - - gis - -'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

- la - - - tion, Pil - - - lars of the Bri - - - tish na - - - tion.

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are '- la - - - tion, Pil - - - lars of the Bri - - - tish na - - - tion.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

p

Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom!

G

We are Peers of high - est ... sta - tion,

We are Peers of high - est sta - tion, Pa - ra - gons of le - gis - la - tion,

Gmf

p

Pa - ra - gons of le - gis - la - tion,

Pil - lars of the Bri - tish na - tion, Pil - lars of the Bri - tish na - tion,

Pil - - - lars of the Bri - - - tish... na - - - tion...

We are Peers of high - est sta - tion, Pa - ra - gons of le - gis - la - tion.

Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom!

Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom!

H f
Bow, bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es! Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye mass - es,

f
Bow, bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es! Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye mass - es,

H f

Blow the trum - pets, bang the brass - es, Tan - tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom!

Blow the trum - pets, bang the brass - es, Tan - tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom!

Bow, bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es, Bow, bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass - es,

Bow, bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es, Bow, bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass - es,

Blow the trum - pets, bang the brass - es, Tan - tan - ta - ra!

Blow the trum - pets, bang the brass - es, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

Tan - tan - ta - ra! Tan - tan - ta - ra!

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

cre - scen - do.

p Blow, blow the trum - pets, bang the brass - es! Blow, blow the

p Blow, blow the trum - pets, bang the brass - es! Blow, blow the

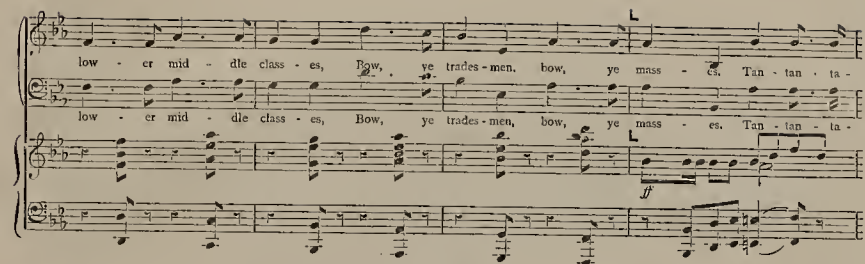
p *stacc.*

trum - pets, bang the brass - es! Blow, blow the trum - pets,

trum - pets, bang the brass - es! Blow, blow the trum - pets,

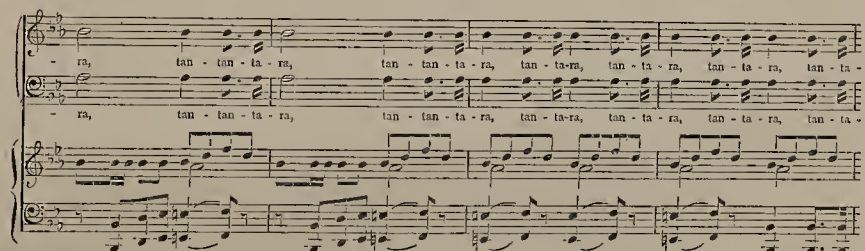
cre - scen - do.

- do. K
 Blow, blow the trum-pets! Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta ta,
 - do. f
 Blow, blow the trum-pets! Bang, bang the brass-es, boom!
 - do. K
 - do. f
 Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta, tan-ta-ra, ta ta,
 Bang, bang the brass-es, boom! Tzing, boom!
 Tan-ta-ra, ta ta, tan-ta-ra, ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta ta, Bow, ye
 Tzing, boom! Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Bow, ye
 8va.
 low-er mid-dle class-es, Bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass-es, Bow, ye
 low-er mid-dle class-es, Bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass-es, Bow, ye



low - er mid - dle class - es, Bow, ye trades - men, bow, ye mass - es. Tan - tan - ta -

low - er mid - dle class - es, Bow, ye trades - men, bow, ye mass - es. Tan - tan - ta -



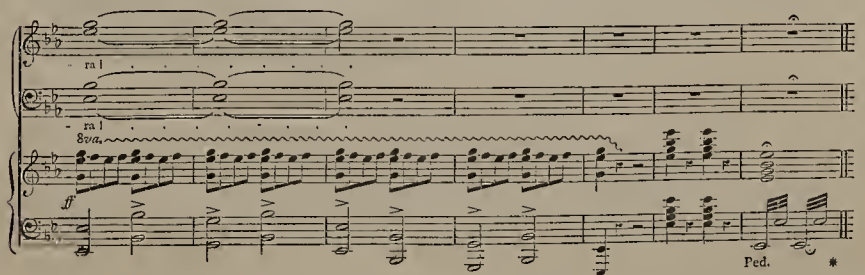
- ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -

- ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -



ra, ra, ra, ra, ra! Tan - ta - ra! Tan - ta -

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra! Tan - ta - ra! Tan - ta -



ra!

ra!

8va.

Ped. *

No. 6a.

Entrance of Lord Chancellor.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO. *f*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of music. Each system contains a treble staff and a bass staff, connected by a brace. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegro vivace.' and the dynamic is 'f' (forte). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets. The first system begins with a rest in the treble staff and a melodic line in the bass staff. The subsequent systems show more complex rhythmic patterns and melodic development in both staves.

No. 7. SONG—(Lord Chancellor, & Chorus of Peers.)

LORD CHAN.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

ff *p*

The Law is the true em - bo - di - ment Of

ev - 'ry-thing that's ex - cel - lent. It has no kind of fault or flaw, And I, my lords, em - bo - dy the Law.

A

The con - sti - tu - tion - al guar - dian I Of pret - ty young Wards in Chan - ce - ry, All

A

p

ve - ry a - gree - a - ble girls—and none Are o - ver the age of twen - ty - one.

A

CHORUS OF PEERS,

plea - sant oc - cu - pa - tion for A ra - ther sus - cep - ti - ble Chan - cel - lor I A plea - sant oc - cu - pa - tion for A

ra - ther sus - cep - ti - ble Chan - cel - lor I 2. But

though the com - pli - ment im - plied In - flates me with le - gi - ti - mate pride, It ne - ver - the - less can't be de - nied, That it

has its in - con - ve - ni - ent side, For I'm not so old, and not so plain, And I'm

quite prepared to mar-ry again, But there'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords If I fell in love with one of my Wards!

CHO. OF PEERS.

Which ra - ther tries my tem - per, for I'm *such* a sus-cep-ti-ble Chan - cel - lor! Which

ra - ther tries his tem - per, for He's *such* a sus - cep - ti - ble Chan - cel - lor!

3. And ev - 'ry-one who'd mar-ry a Ward Must come to me for my ac-cord, And

in my court I sit all day, Giv-ing a-grea-ble girls a-way, With

one for him--and one for he--And one for you--and one for ye--And one for thou--and one for thee--But

ne-ver, oh ne-ver a one for me! Which is ex-as-per-a-ting, for A

CHORUS OF PEERS.
high-ly sus-cep-ti-ble Chan-cel-lor! Which is ex-as-per-a-ting, for A high-ly sus-cep-ti-ble

Chan-cel-lor!

Enter LORD TOLLIVER.

LD. TOLL. And now, my lord, suppose we proceed to the business of the day?

LD. CHAN. By all means. Phyllis, who is a ward of court, has so powerfully affected your lordships that you have appealed to me in a body to give her to whichever one of you she may think proper to select; and a noble lord has gone to her cottage to request her immediate attendance. It would be idle to deny that I, myself, have the misfortune to be singularly attracted by this young person. My regard for her is rapidly undermining my constitution. Three months ago I was a stout man. I need say no more. If I could reconcile it with my duty, I should unhesitatingly award her to myself, for I can conscientiously say that I know no man who is so well fitted to render her exceptionally happy. But such an award would be open to misconstruction, and therefore, at whatever personal inconvenience, I waive my claim.

LD. TOLL. My lord, I desire, on the part of this House, to

express its sincere sympathy with your lordship's most painful position.

LD. CHAN. I thank your lordships. The feelings of a Lord Chancellor who is in love with a ward of court are not to be envied. What is his position? Can he give his own consent to his own marriage with his own ward? Can he marry his own ward without his own consent? And if he marries his own ward without his own consent, can he commit himself for contempt of his own court? Can he appear by counsel before himself to move for arrest of his own judgment? Ah, my lords, it is indeed painful to have to sit upon a woolsock which is stuffed with such thorns as these.

Enter LORD MOUNT ARARAT.

LD. MOUNT. My lords, I have the pleasure to inform your lordships that I have succeeded in persuading the young lady to present herself at the bar of this House.

Enter PHYLLIS.

No. 8. TRIO & CHORUS OF PEERS.—(Phyllis, Lord Tol., & Lord Mount.)

PHYLIS.
My

Allegretto grazioso.
f

PIANO.

well - loved lord . . . and guar - dian dear, You sum - moned me, and I . . . am

CHORUS.
here! Oh rap - ture, how beau - ti - ful! How gen - tle, how du - ti - ful!

A la Barcarole. LORD TOL.

Or all the young la - dies I know, . . . This pret - ty young la - dy's the

fair - est: Her lips have the ro - si - est show, . . . Her eyes are the rich - est and rar - est. Her

o - ri - gin's low - ly, it's true, . . . But of birth and po - si - tion I've plen - ty; I've gram - mar and spell - ing for

two, And birth and be - ha - - viour for twen - ty!

Ah, Her
PEERS.
p
Ah,
p
Ah,

B

o - - ri-gia's low-ly, it's true—I've gram-mar and spell-ing for two; Of birth and po-si-tion I've

pp Of birth and po-si-tion he's

pp Of birth and po-si-tion he's

plen-ty, With blood and be-ha-viour for twen-ty! Of birth and po-si-tion I've plen-ty, With blood and be-

cres. plen-ty, With blood and be-ha-viour for twen-ty! With blood and be-ha-viour

plen-ty, With blood and be-ha-viour for twen-ty! With blood and be-ha-viour

cres. *f* *colla voce, dim.*

a tempo. LORD MOUNT.

- ha-viour for twen-ty! *colla voce, p* Though the

for twen-ty! *colla voce, p*

for twen-ty! *a tempo. 8va.*

p *dolce.* *p*

D

views of the house have di - verged . . . On ev - 'ry con - ceiv - a - ble mo - tion, All ques - tions of par - ty are

cres. merged . . . In a fren - zy of love and de - vo - tion! If you ask us dis - tinct - ly to say . . . What

cres. *p*

par - ty we claim to be - long to, We re - ply with - out doubt or de - lay, . . . The par - ty we're sing - ing this

E

song to . . . If you ask . . . us dis - tinct - ly to say, We re - ply . . . with - out

E

doubt or de - lay, The par - ty we claim to be - long to Is the par - ty we're sing - ing this song to! The

F *rall.* *a tempo.*
par - ty we claim to be - long to's The par - ty we're sing - ing this song to! *a tempo.*

F *colla voce.* *dim.* *p*

PHYLLIS.
I'm ve - ry much pain'd to re - fuse, . . . But I'll stick to my pipes and my

G
in - bors, I can spell all the words that I use, . . . And my gram - mar's as good as my

neighbours, As for birth, I was born like the rest. . . . My be-ha-viour is rus-tic but hear-ty, And I

know where to turn for the best When I want a par-ti-cu-lar par-ty! Ah! *p* Though my LD. TOL. & LD. MOUNT. Ah! *p* Though her Ah! *p* Though her

sta-tion is none of the best, I sup-pose . . . I was born like the rest. I know where to look for my sta-tion is none of the best, I sup-pose . . . she was born like the rest. She knows where to look for her *p* She knows where to look for her *p* She knows where to look for her

heart - y, When I want a par - ti - cu - lar par - ty, I know where to look for my

heart - y, When she wants a par - ti - cu - lar par - ty, She knows where to

heart - y. When she wants a par - ti - cu - lar par - ty, She knows where to

heart - y, When she wants a par - ti - cu - lar par - ty, She knows where to

cres.

cres.

cres.

cres.

rall. H *a tempo.*

heart - y, When - e - ver I want a par - ty, For my par - - ty,

p colla voce.

look for a par - ty, For her par - - ty,

colla voce. f a tempo.

look for a par - ty. Ah, . . ah, . . ah, . . ah, . .

p f

look for a par - ty, Ah, ah, ah, ah,

rall. H *a tempo. 8va.*

dim. colla voce. f

p I know where to look for my par - ty, my
stacc.
pp
p She knows where to look for her par - ty, her
dim.
stacc.
pp
dim. ah, *p* She knows where to look for her par - ty, her
stacc.
pp
 ah, She knows where to look for her par - ty, her

par - ty. . . .
 par - ty. . . .
 par - ty. . . .
 par - ty. . . .
pp
pp Ped. *

No. 9. RECIT.—(Phyllis.) CHORUS OF PEERS, & SONG—(Lord Tol.)

RECIT. PHYLLIS.

Moderato.

Nay, tempt me not, To wealth I'll not be bound—

PIANO.

CHORUS.

In low - ly cot A - lone is vir - tue found. No, no, in - deed high

No. 10.

A Andante espress.

rank will ne - ver hurt you— The peer - age is not des - ti - tute of vir - tue.

A Andante espress.

p sostenuto.

LORD TOLLER.

Spurn not the no - bly born, With love af - fect - ed! Nor treat with vir - tuous scorn The well con - nect - ed!

High rank in-volves no shame, We boast an e - qual claim With him of hum - ble name To be res - peet - ed !

cres.

B

Blue blood, blue blood ! When vir - tuous love is sought, Thy pow'r is . . naught, Though

B

p

CHORUS. TENORS.

dat - ing from the Flood, Blue blood, . . ah, blue blood ! When vir - tuous love is sought, Thy

BASSES.

When vir - tuous love is sought, Thy

f

pow'r is . . naught, Though dat - ing from the Flood, Blue blood, . . ah, blue blood !

pow'r is . . naught, Though dat - ing from the Flood, Blue blood, blue blood !

LORD TOL

Spare us the bit - ter pain Of stern de - ni - als, Nor with low born dis - dain Aug - ment our tri - als;

p

cres. mollo. *f*
Hearts just as pure and fair May beat in Bel - grave Square As in the low - ly air Of Se - ven Di - als!

cres. mollo. *f*

Blue blood, blue blood! Of what a - vail art thou To serve us now? Though

p

CHORUS. TENORS.

dat - ing from the Flood, Blue blood, . . ah, blue blood! Of what a - vail art thou To

BASSES.

Of what a - vail art thou To

f

LORD TOL.

rall. Ah, blue

serve us now? Though dat - ing from the Flood, Blue blood . . . ah, blue

serve us now? Though dat - ing from the Flood, Blue blood, ah, blue

rall.

RECIT. PHYLLIS.

blood!

My

blood!

blood!

dim. *p*

Ped. *

No. 11. Phyllis, Lord Tol., Earl of Mount A., Strephon, Lord Chancellor,
& CHORUS OF PEERS.

c

Lords, *c* it may not be! With grief my heart is ri - ven! You waste your time on me, For

p

D a tempo. Allegro.

ah, my heart is gi-ven, Yes, gi-ven!

TENORS

Gi-ven! Oh, hor-ror!

BASSES.

Gi-ven! Oh, hor-ror!

cre-scen-do.

f

RECIT. LORD CH.

(Enter STREPHON; PHYLLIS rushes to his arms.) RECIT. STREPHON.

And who has dar'd to brave our high dis-plea-sure, And thus de-fy our de-fi-nite com-mand! 'Tis I, young

Stre-phon! mine this price-less trea-sure! A-gainst the w- A I claim my dar-ling's

f

E

p

hand!

TENORS.

A shep-herd I, Or

LD. TOL. with 1st TENORS.

pp

BASSES.

A shep-herd he,

E. OF MOUNT A. & LD. CH. with 1st BASSES.

pp

A shep-herd he,

E *Allegro non troppo.*

p

p staccato.

sempre p

Ar - ca - dy; Be - troth'd are we, And mean to be es - pous'd to - day. *A*

Of Ar - ca - dee; Be - troth'd are they, Es - pous'd to - day. *A*

Of Ar - ca - dee; Be - troth'd are they, Es - pous'd to - day. *A*

p staccato.

F

shep-herd I, Of Ar - ca - dy, A shep-herd I, Of Ar - ca - dy; Be - troth'd are we, Be - troth'd are we, And

shep-herd he, Of Ar - ca - dee, A shep-herd he, Of Ar - ca - dee; Be - troth'd are they, Be - troth'd are they, And

shep-herd he, Of Ar - ca - dee, A shep-herd he, Of Ar - ca - dee; Be - troth'd are they, Be - troth'd are they, And

mean to be es - pous'd to - day!

f SOLO. LORD TOL.

mean to be es - pous'd to - day! 'Neath this blow, worse than stab of dag - ger, Though we mo - men - ta - ri - ly stag - ger,

f SOLO. LORD MOUNT.

mean to be es - pous'd to - day! 'Neath this blow, worse than stab of dag - ger, Though we mo - men - ta - ri - ly stag - ger,

f

CHORUS OF PEERS.
TENORS.

In each heart Proud are we in - nate - ly, Let's de - part Dig - ni - fied and state - ly! Let's de - part

In each heart Proud are we in - nate - ly, Let's de - part Dig - ni - fied and state - ly! Let's de - part

BASSES.

H

Dig - ni - fied and state - ly, Dig - ni - fied and state - ly, Dig - ni - fied and state - ly,

Dig - ni - fied and state - ly, Dig - ni - fied and state - ly, Dig - ni - fied and state - ly,

H^b

p

p

Dig - ni - fied and state - ly!

p

Dig - ni - fied and state - ly!

p

cre *scen*

do. *f* *ff* *fz*

diva.

TENORS. *ff* Tho' our hearts she's bad - ly bruising, in an - o - ther suit - or choos - ing, Let's pre

BASSES. *ff* Tho' our hearts she's bad - ly bruising, in an - o - ther suit - or choos - ing, Let's pre -

- tend it's most a - musing, Let's pre-tend it's most a - mus - ing, Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha,

- tend it's most a - musing, Let's pre-tend it's most a - mus - ing, Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha,

ha! Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Tan - ta - ra!

ha! Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Tan - ta - ra!

ff

Tan - ta - ra!

Tan - ta - ra!

ff

Exeunt all the Peers, marching round stage with much dignity. LORD CHANCELLOR separates PHYLLIS from STREPHON, and orders her off. Manent LORD CHANCELLOR and STREPHON.

ff

*Ped. **

LD. CHAN. Now, sir, what excuse have you to offer for having disobeyed an order of the court of Chancery?

STREPH. My lord, I know no court of Chancery; I go by Nature's acts of Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the seas, the rocks, the brooks, the gales, the vales, the fountains, and the mountains, cry "You love this maiden; take her, we command you!" 'Tis writ in heaven by the bright-barbed dart that leaps forth into lurid light from each grim thunder-cloud. The very rain pours forth her sad and sadden sympathy. When chorused Nature bids me take my love, shall I reply, "Nay, but a certain Chancellor forbids it"? Sir, you are England's Lord High Chancellor, but are you Chancellor of birds and trees, king of the winds and prince of thunder-clouds?

LD. CHAN. No. It's a nice point; I don't know that I ever

met it before. But my difficulty is, that at present there's no evidence before the court that chorused Nature has interested herself in the matter.

STREPH. No evidence? You have my word for it. I tell you that she bade me take my love.

LD. CHAN. Ah! but, my good sir, you mustn't tell us what she told you; it's not evidence. Now, an affidavit from a thunder-storm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

STREPH. And have you the heart to apply the prosaic rules of evidence to a case which bubbles over with poetical emotion?

LD. CHAN. Distinctly. I have always kept my duty strictly before my eyes; and it is to that fact that I owe my advancement to my present distinguished position.

No. 12.

SONG—(Lord Chancellor.)

Allegro comodo.

LORD CHAN.

1. When I
3. Ere I

PIANO.

The musical score is for a song by Lord Chancellor. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegro comodo'. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are as follows:

went to the Bar as a ve - ry young man, (Said I to my - self— said I,) I'll work on a new sand o -
 go in - to court I will read my brief through, (Said I to my - self— said I,) And I'll ne - ver take work I'm un -

- ri - gi - nal plan, (Said I to my - self— said I,) I'll ne - ver as - sume that a
 - a - ble to do, (Said I to my - self— said I,) My leara - ed pro - fes - sion I'll

rogue or a thief Is a gen - tle - man wor - thy im - pli - cit be - lief, Be - cause his at - tor - ney has
ne - ver dis - grace By tak - ing a fee with a gain on my face, When I have - n't been there to at -

sent me a brief, (Said I to my - self— said I.)
• tend to the case, (Said I to my - self— said I.)

2. I'll ne - ver throw dust in a ju - ry - man's eyes, (Said
4. In o - ther pro - fes - sions in which men en - gage, (Said

I to my - self— said I,) Or hood - wink a judge who is not o - ver - wise, (Said
I to my - self— said I,) The Ar - my, the Na - vy, the Church, and the Stage, (Said

I to my - self— said I,) Or as - sume that the wit - ness - es sum - moned in force In Ex -
I to my - self— said I,) Pro - fes - sion - al li - cence, if car - ried too far, Your

che-quer, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or Di-voce Have per-jur'd them-selves as a mat-ter of course, } (Said
 chance of pro-mo-tion will cer-tain-ly mar- And I fan-cy the rule might ap-ply to the Bar, }

[Exit LORD CHANCELLOR.]

I to my-self—said I) 2nd time.

To STREPHON, who is in tears, enters IOLANTHE.

STREPH. Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! To be taken from you just as I was on the point of making you my own! Oh, it's too much! it is too much!

Io. My son in tears, and on his wedding-day?

STREPH. My wedding-day! Oh, mother, weep with me, for the law has interposed between us, and the Lord Chancellor has separated us for ever!

Io. The Lord Chancellor!—(Aside.) Oh, if he did but know!

STREPH. (overhearing her). If he did but know—what?

Io. No matter. The Lord Chancellor has no power over you. Remember, you are half a fairy; you can defy him—down to the waist.

STREPH. Yes, but from the waist downward he can commit me to prison for years. Of what avail is it that my body is free if my legs are working out seven years' penal servitude?

Io. True. But take heart: our queen has promised you her special protection. I'll go to her and lay your peculiar case before her.

STREPH. My beloved mother, how can I repay the debt I owe you?

FINALE—QUARTETTE.

As it commences the Peers appear at the back, advancing unseen and on tiptoe. MOUNT ARARAT and TOLLOLLER lead PHYLLIS between them, who listens in horror to what she hears.

No. 13. FINALE, ACT I.—(Phyllis, Iolanthe, Queen, Leila, Celia, Strephon, Lord Tol., Lord Mount., Lord Chancellor, & Chorus of Fairies & Peers.)

Moderato.

PIANO. *p*

STREPHON.

When

PHYL. (*speaking aside to MOUNT*). What was that?

LORD MOUNT.

A dark - ly looms the day, And all is dull and grey, To chase the gloom a - way, On thee I'll call!

think I heard him say, That on a m - ny day, To while the time a - way, On her he'd call!

CHORUS. TENORS.

We

BASSES.

We

p

IOLANTHE.

think we heard him say, That on a rain-y day, To while the time a-way, On her he'd call !
 think we heard him say, That on a rain-y day, To while the time a-way, On her he'd call !
 When

PHYL. (*speaking aside to TOLLOLLER*). What was that ?

tem-pests wreck thy bark, And all is drear and dark, If thou shouldst need an Ark, I'll give thee one !

LORD TOL.

I heard the minx re-mark, She'd meet him af-ter dark, In-side St. James-'s Park, And give him

one !

CHORUS, TENORS.

We heard the minx re-mark, She'd meet him af-ter dark, In-side St. James-'s Park, And give him

BASSES.

We heard the minx re-mark, She'd meet him af-ter dark, In-side St. James-'s Park, And give him

*f**p*

C PHYLIS.
The pros-pect's ve - ry bad, My heart so sore and sad Will ne - ver more be glad As sum-mer's sun! For

IOLANTHE.
The pros-pect's not so bad, Thy heart so sore and sad May ve - ry soon be glad As sum-mer's sun! For

LORD TOL.
The pros-pect's not so bad, My heart so sore and sad May ve - ry soon be glad As sum-mer's sun! For

STREPHON.
The pros-pect's not so bad, My heart so sore and sad May ve - ry soon be glad As sum-mer's sun! For

TENORS.
one!

BASSES.
one!

C

when the sky is dark, And tempests wreck his bark, If he should need an Ark, She'll give him one, Give him one, Ah, one!

when the sky is dark, And tempests wreck thy bark, If thou shouldst need an Ark, She'll give thee one, Ah, give thee one, Ah, give thee one!

when the sky is dark, And tempests wreck thy bark, If thou shouldst need an Ark, She'll give thee one, Ah, give thee one, Ah, give thee one!

LORD MOUNT.
Ah! give him one, give him one!

when the sky is dark, And tempests wreck my bark, If I should need an Ark, She'll give me one, Ah, one!

PHYLLIS.

Long cadenza.

Ahl Oh shame - less one, trem - ble! Ney,

Allegro agitato.

p

(IOLANTHE and STREPHON much confused.)

do not en - dea - your Thy fault to dis - sem - ble; We part, and for e - ver! I wor - shipp'd him blind - ly, He

STREPHON.

D LORD TOL.

wor - ships an - o - ther! At - tend to me kind - ly, This la - dy's my mo - ther! This

f

STREPHON.

CHORUS. TENORS.

CHORUS. BASSES.

TENORS & BASSES.

la - dy's his what! This la - dy's my mo - ther! This la - dy's his what! He says she's his mother! Ha, ha,

p *f*

più vivo.
 ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha l
ff con forza.
 They point derisively to IOLANTHE, laughing heartily at her. She clings for protection to STREPHON.
 Enter LORD CHANCELLOR; IOLANTHE veils herself.

LD. CHAN. I.D. Tol.
 What means this mirth un-seem-ly, That shakes the list-'ning earth? The
p

E LORD MOUNT.
 joke is good ex-treme-ly, And jus-ti-fies our mirth. This
p

gen-tle-man is seen, With a maid of se-ven-teen, A tak-ing of his dol-ce far nien-te; And

F
 won-ders he'd a-chieve, For he asks us to be-lieve She's his mo-ther-and he's near-ly five-and-twen-
 F

LORD CHAN.

ty! Re-col - - lect yourself, I pray, And be careful what you say—As the ancient Romans said, *fit - i - na - lm - a*. For I

CHORUS OF PEERS.

real-ly do not see How so young a girl could be The mo-ther of a man of five-and-twem - ty! Ha, ha

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

STREPH.
My Lord, of e - vi - dence I

have no dearth— She is— has been— my mo-ther, from my birth! In

rall. *Andante espressivo.*

ba - by - hood Up - on her lap I lay, With in - fant food She mois - ten - ed my clay:

Had she with - held The suc - cour she sup - plied, By hun - ger quell'd, Your Stre - phon might have died!

LD. CHAN.

CHORUS OF PEERS.

Had that re - freshment been de - nied, In - deed our Stre - phon might have died! Had that re -

- freshment been de - nied, In - deed our Stre - phon might have died! But as she's not His

mo - ther, it ap - pears, Why weep these hot Un - ne - ces - sa - ry tears? And by what laws Should

we, so joy-ous-ly, Re-joice, be-cause Our Strephon did - n't die? Oh ra-ther let us pipe our

CHORUS OF PEERS.
eye, Be-cause our Strephon did - n't die! That's ve-ry true—let's pipe our eye

Be-cause our Stre-phon did - n't die! Go, trai-t'rous one—

for e-ver we must part: To one of you, my Lords, I give my

CHO. OF PEERS. STREPHON. CHO. OF PEERS. STREPHON.
heart! Oh rap-ture! Hear me, Phyl-lis! Oh rap-ture! Ere you

PHYLLIS.
Not a word— you did de - ceive me! you did de -

STREPHON.
leave me! Hear me, Phyl - lis!

ceive me!
TENORS.
Not a word— you did de - ceive, you did de - ceive her!

BASSES.
Not a word— you did de - ceive, you did de - ceive her!

PHYLLIS.
Allegretto.
For rich - es and rank I do not long—Their plea-sures are false and vain: I So the
rich - es and rank that you be - fal Are the on - ly baits you use,

p

gave up the love of a lord - ly throng For the love of a sim - ple swain. But
rich - est and rank - i - est of you all My sor - row - ful heart shall choose. As

K

now that sim - ple swain's un - true, With sor - row - ful heart I turn to you . . . A heart that's
none are so no - ble— none so rich As this cou - ple of lords, I'll find a niche In my heart that's

K

cres. *f*

riten. *a tempo, 1st time.*

ach - ing, Quak - ing, break - ing, As sor - row - ful hearts are wont to do! The
ach - ing, Quak - ing, break - ing, For one of you two—and I don't care

dim. *p* *colla voce.*

and time.

which! To you I give my heart . so rich! I do not
LD, TOL., LD, MOUNT., & CHO. OF PEERS.

To which?

Allegro con brio.

p

care! To you I yield— it is my doom! I'm not a -

To whom?

ware! I'm yours for life if you but choose. That's your af-

She's whose?

M CHORUS.

fair; I'll be a coun- tess, shall I not? I do not care! Luck-y lit-tle

Of what? Luck-y lit-tle

la - dy! Stre-phon's lot is sha - dy; Rank, it seems, is vi - tal, "Coun - tess" is the

la - dy! Stre-phon's lot is sha - dy; Rank, it seems, is vi - tal, "Coun - tess" is the

ti - tle, But of what I'm not a - ware! I'm not a - ware!

ti - tle, But of what I'm not a - ware! I'm not a - ware!

But of what I'm not a - ware! But of
 But of what I'm not a - ware! But of

8va

what I'm not a - ware!
 what I'm not a - ware!

N **RECIT. STREPH.**
 Can I in - ac - tive

N
f

a tempo. **CHORUS OF PEERS. STREPH. CHORUS OF PEERS. RECIT. STREPH.**
 see my for - tunes fade? No, no! Ho, ho! No, no! Ho, ho! Migh - ty pro - tec - tress,

O a tempo.
 has - ten to my aid!

O

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.
 Trip - ping hi - ther, trip - ping thi - ther, No - bo -

dy knows why or whi - ther; Why you

want us we don't know, . . . But you've sum - mon'd us, and

so En - ter all the lit - tle fai - ries To their u - sual trip - ping mea - sure! . .

To o - blige you all our cate is— Tell us, pray, what is your plea - sure!

STREPH.
The

Più vivo.

CHORUS OF PEERS.

la - dy of my love has caught me talk - ing to an - o - ther— Oh, fie! Our Strephon is a rogue! I

STREPHON.

CHORUS OF PEERS.

tell her ve - ry plain - ly that the la - dy is my mo - ther— Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle, tol lol lay! She

STREPH.

R
won't be - lieve my statements, and de - clares we must be part - ed, Be - cause on a ca - reer of dou - ble

R

deal - ing I have stant - ed, Then gives her hand to one of these, and leaves me bro - ken heart - ed—

CHORUS OF PEERS.

Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle, tol lol lay! Ah

QUEEN. S
S
cru - el ones, to part two faith - ful lo - vers from each o - ther!

sempre p

FAIRIES. QUEEN

Oh, fie! our Strephon's not a rogue! You've done him an in-jus-tice, for the la-dy is his mo-ther!

CHORUS OF FAIRIES. LD. CHAN.

Ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay! That fa-ble p'haps may serve his turn as well as a-n-y o-ther. I

did-n't see her face, but if they fon-dled one an-o-ther, And she's but se-ven-teen—I don't be-lieve it was his mo-ther!

CHORUS. LD. TOL.

Ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, Tol lol lay! I have

cres. *f*

of-ten had a use For a thorough-bred ex-cuse Of a sudden (which is En-glish for "ye-gen-te") But of

p

all I e-ver heard This is much the most ab-sur-d, For she's se-ven-teen and he is five-and-twenty!

FAIRIES.
Tho' PEERS.
For

cres.

she is se-ven-teen, and he is four or five-and-twenty! Oh fie, our Strephon is no rogue!

she is se-ven-teen, and he is four or five-and-twenty! Oh fie, our Strephon is a rogue!

LD. MOUNT.

Now lis-ten, pray, to me, For this pa-ro-dox will be Car-ried

cres. *ff*

no-ho-dy at all con-tra-di-cen-ta. Her age, up-on the date Of his birth was mi-nus eight, If she's

cres.

f FAIRIES.

se - ven - teen, and he is five - and - twen - ty! If she is se - ven - teen, and he is on - ly five - and - twen - ty!

f PEERS.

If she is se - ven - teen, and he is on - ly five - and - twen - ty!

scen - do. *f* *dim.*

All the Principals except QUEEN, IOL., and STREPH.

(In a whisper.) pp

To say she is his mo - ther is an ut - ter bit of fol - ly! Oh fie, our

To say she is his mo - ther is an ut - ter bit of fol - ly! Oh fie, our

pp

Strephon's not a rogue! Per - haps his brain is ad - dled, And it's ve - ry me - lan - cho - ly! Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle,

Strephon is a rogue! Per - haps his brain is ad - dled, And it's ve - ry me - lan - cho - ly! Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle,

cres. molto.

W

tol lol lay! I would - n't say a word that could be construed as in - ju - rious, But to find a mo - ther young - er than her

cres. molto.

tol lol lay! I would - n't say a word that could be construed as in - ju - rious, But to find a mo - ther young - er than her

W

cres. molto.

son is ve - ry cu - ri - ous, And that's a kind of mo - ther that is u - su - al - ly spu - ri - ous!

son is ve - ry cu - ri - ous, And that's a kind of mo - ther that is u - su - al - ly spu - ri - ous!

f unis.

Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle, tol - lol - lay!

Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle, tol - lol - lay!

f

LD. CHAN.

Go a - way, ma - dam, I should say, ma - dam, You dis - play, ma - dam, Shock - ing taste. It is

Allegro vivace.

p

rude, ma - dam, To in - trude, ma - dam, With your brood, ma - dam, Bra - zen - faced! You come here, ma - dam, In - ter -

ere, ma-dam, With a peer, ma-dam (I am one). You're a - ware, ma-dam, What you dare, ma-dam, So take

X CHORUS OF FAIRIES.
care, ma-dam, And be - gone! Let us stay, ma-dam, I should say, ma-dam, They dis - play, ma-dam, Shock-ing

taste. It is rude, ma-dam, To al - lude, ma-dam, To your brood, ma-dam, Bra - zen - faced! We don't

fear, ma-dam, A - ny peer, ma-dam, Tho', my dear ma-dam, This is one. They will stare, ma-dam, When a -

Y **QUEEN.**
- ware, ma-dam, What they dare, ma-dam—What they've done! Beard - ed by these

pu - ny mor - tals! I will launch from fai - ry

por - tals All the most ter - ri - fic thun - ders

In my ar - mour - y of won - ders!

PHYLIS.
Should they launch ter - ri - fic won - ders. All would

then re - pent their blun - ders! Sure ly

BEARD.
Let us stay, ma - dam, I should

PEERS.
Go a way, ma - dam, I should

LD. CHAN. with BASSES.

these must be . . . im - mor - tals! Should they launch from
 by these pu - ny mor - tals! I will launch from
 say, ma-dam, They dis - play, ma-dam, Shocking taste. It is rude, ma-dam, To al - lude, ma-dam, To your
 say, ma-dam, You dis - play, ma-dam, Shocking taste. It is rude, ma-dam, To in - trude, ma-dam, With your

fai - ry por - tals All their most ter - ri - fic
 fai - ry por - tals All the most ter - ri - fic
 brood, ma-dam, Bra-zen-faced! We don't fear, ma-dam, A - ny peer, ma-dam, Tho', my dear ma - dam, This is
 brood, ma-dam, Bra-zen-faced! You come here, ma-dam, In - ter - fere, ma-dam, With a peer, ma - dam (I am

B

won - ders, We should then re - - pent

thun - ders In my ar - - mour - - y

one. They will stare, ma - dam, When a - ware, ma - dam, What they dare, ma - dam, When a - one). You're a - ware, ma - dam, What you dare, ma - dam, So take care, ma - dam, What you

B

3 Sops. with PHVL.

our blan - - - ders! Should re -

of won - - - ders! cre - - - scen - - - do.

ware, ma - dam, What they've done! They will stare When a - ware What they dare, What they've

dare, ma - dam, And be - gone! You're a - ware What you dare, So take care, And be

cre - - - scen - - - do.

ff

re - - - pent

My ar - - -

ff *Unis, & 3 Sops. with PHYLIS.*

done, ma - dam, They will stare, ma - dam, When a - ware, ma - dam, What they dare, ma - dam, What they've done, ma - dam. They will

gone! You're a -

our blunders!

mour y of wonders!

stare, madam, When a - ware, ma-dam, What they dare, ma-dam, What they've done! They will stare, ma - dam, When a -

ware, madam, What you dare, ma-dam, So take care, ma-dam, And be - gone! You're a - ware, ma - dam, What you

We should then, should

They will soon, will

ware What they dare, ma - dam, What they've done, ma-dam, They will stare, ma - dam, When a - ware, ma-dam, What they

dare, So take care, ma - dam, And be - gone, ma-dam, You're a - ware, ma-dam, What you dare, ma - dam, So take

then re - pent!

soon re - pent! Oh!

dare, ma - dam, What they've done!

care, ma - dam, And be - gone!

Ped. *

D QUEEN.

Chan - cel - lor un - wa - ry, It's high - ly ne - ces - sa - ry Your tongue to teach Re -

D One bar the same as two of the preceding movement.

spec - tful speech—Your at - ti - tude to va - ry! Your ba - di - nage so ai - ry, Your

E

man - ner ar - bi - tra - ry, Are out of place When face to face With an in - flu -

F

en - tial Fal - ly!

CHORUS OF MEN. TENORS.

BASSES.

We ne - ver knew we were talk - ing to An

We ne - ver knew we were talk - ing to An

F

LORD CHAN.

A plague on this va - ga - ry! I'm in a nice quan -

in - flu - en - tial Fai - ry!

in - flu - en - tial Fai - ry!

da - ry! Of has - ty tone With dames un - known I ought to be more cha - ry! It

seems that she's a fai - ry From An - der - sen's Li - bra - ry, And I took her for the pro -

- pri - e - tor Of a La - - dies! Se - - mi - - na - ry!

TENORS.

BASSES.

We took her for The pro -

We took her for The pro -

H

RECIT. QUEEN.

When

- pri - e - - tor Of a La - dies' Se - mi - - na - ry!

- pri - e - - tor Of a La - dies' Se - mi - - na - ry!

mf

RECIT. CELIA,

next your Houses do as - sem - ble, You may trem - ble! Our wrath, when gen - tle - men of -

mf

RECIT. LELIA.

- fend us Is tre - men - dous! They meet, who un - der - rate our - cal - ling, Doom ap - pal - ling!

mf

J RECIT. QUEEN.

a tempo.

Take down our sen - tence as we speak it, And he shall

p

Allegro. QUEEN.

wreak it!

1. Hence - forth, Stre - phon,
2. In the Par - lia -

CHORUS OF PEERS. TENORS.

Ah, spare us!

BASSES.

Ah, spare us!

cast a - way Crooks and pipes and rib-bons so gay! Flocks and herds that bleat and low;
men - try hive, Lib - ral or Con - ser - va - tive— Whig or To - ry— I don't know— But

K CHORUS.
FAIRIES.

In - to Par - lia - ment you shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment he shall go! Backed by our su -

PEERS.

In - to Par - lia - ment he shall go! Backed by their su -

K

- preme au - tho - ri - ty, He'll com-mand a large ma - jo - ri - ty: In - to Par - lia - ment, in - to Par - lia - ment,

- preme au - tho - ri - ty, He'll com-mand a large ma - jo - ri - ty: In - to Par - lia - ment, in - to Par - lia - ment,

Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment, he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment,

Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment, he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment,

in - to Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment, he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment he shall go!

in - to Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment, he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment he shall go!

2nd verse cre - scendo e rallentando.

QUEEN (*speaks through the music*).

Every hill and every measure
That may gratify his pleasure,
Though your fury it arouses,
Shall be passed by both your Houses!

You shall sit, if he sees reason,
Through the grouse & salmon season:

He shall end the cherished rights
You enjoy on Wednesday nights:

He shall prick that annual blister,
Marriage with deceased wife's sister:

Titles shall enoble, then,
All the Common Councilmen:

Peers shall teem in Christendom,

And a Duke's exalted station

Be attainable by Com-
petitive Examination!

CHORUS. FAIRIES.
Allegro molto.

PHYLLIS & LEILA with 1st SOPS. SOPRANOS.

CELIA, IOLANTHE, & QUEEN With Stre - phon for your foe, no doubt, A fear - ful pros - pect o - pens out! And
with 2nd SOPS.

TENORS & BASSES.

LORD TOL. with 1st TENORS.

LORD MOUNT, STREPHON, &
LD. CH. with BASSES.

Young Stre - phon is the kind of lout We do not care a fig a - bout! We

Allegro marziale.

M

ve - ry pain - ful wrench.

Your pow'rs we daunt - less - ly pooh-pooh: A dire re - venge will fall on you If

(The word "pres-tige" is French, The word "pres-tige" is French.) Al -

you be-siege Our high *pres-tige*. Your

N *cres.* though our threats you now pooh-pooh, A *f* dire re - venge will fall on you. With Stre - phon for your foe, no doubt, A

N *cres.* pow'rs we daunt-less - ly pooh-pooh: A *f* dire re - venge will fall on you. Young Stre - phon is the kind of lout We

cres. cre - scen - do. *f*

fear - ful pros - pect o - pens out! And who shall say What e - vils may Re - sult in con - se - quence?

do not care a fig a - bout! We can - not say What e - vils may Re - sult in con - se - quence. Our

(That word is French.) (A)

lord - ly style You shall not quench With base *canaille*! Dis - tinc - tion ebbs Be - fore a herd Of vul - gar *plebs*!

La - tin word.) (A Greek re - mark.)

'Twould fill with joy And mad - ness stark The du - vel - Aoi! One La - tin word, one

Your lord - ly style We'll quick - ly quench With base *ca - naille* -

Greek re - mark, And one that's French! (That

p leggiero.

Dis - tinc - tion ebbs Be - fore a herd Of vul - gar *plebs*! 'Twill fill with joy And

word is French!) (A La - tin word.)

mad-ness stark The *ἰ - πῶλ - λοι* One La - tin word, one Greek re-mark, And one that's French! With

(A Greek re-mark.) Young

R
 Stre - phon for your foe, no doubt, A fear - ful pros - pect o - pens out! And who shall say What e - vils may Re -
 Stre - phon is the kind of lout We do not care a fig a - bout! We can - not say What e - vils may Re -

R
 - sult in con - se - quence? A hid - eous ven - geance will pur - sue All no - ble-men who ven - ture to Op -
 - sult in con - se - quence, But lord - ly ven - geance will pur - sue All kinds of com - mon peo - ple who Op -

S
 - pose his views, Or bold - ly choose To of - fer him of - fence. We will not wait, We go sky -
 - pose our views, Or bold - ly choose To of - fer us of - fence. *Stra.* You need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your

S

high I Our threa-ten'd hate You won't de . . .

threa - ten'd hate We thus de - fy! You need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threa-ten'd hate We thus, we thus de -

Sua.

T

- fy! We will 'not wait, We go sky-high! Our threa - tened hate You

- fy! You need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threa - tened hate We

T Sua.

U

won't de - fy! We go, we go! We go sky - high! Our

thus de - fy! A - way, a - way! A - way you fly! Your

U

threa-ten'd hate You won't de-fy! You won't de

threa-ten'd hate We thus de-fy! We thus de

fy! You won't, you won't de-fy! You won't, you won't de-fy!

fy! We thus, we thus de-fy! We thus, we thus de-fy!

Peers and Fairies take attitudes of defiance.

Ped. *End of First Act.**

ACT II.

SCENE.—Palace Yard, Westminster, Westminster Hall, L. PRIVATE WILLIS discovered on Sentry, R. Night.

No. 1.

SONG — (Sentry.)

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

f

p

A

scen do. ff

cre

SENTRY.

Moderato.

p

1. When all night long a chap re-mains On
in that House M. P.'s di- vide, If

B

sen - try - go, to chase mo - no - to - ny He ex - er - ci - ses of his brains, That is, as - sum - ing that he's
they've a brain and ce - re - bel - lum, too, They've got to leave that brain out - side, And vote just as their lead - ers

got a - ny. Tho' ne - ver nur - tur'd in the lap Of lux - u - ry, Yet I ad - mon - ish you, I
tell 'em to. But then the pros - pect of a lot Of dull M. P.'s in close prox - i - mi - ty, All

am an in - tel - lec - tual chap, And think of things that would as - ton - ish you. I of - ten think it's
think - ing for them - selves, is what No man can face with e - qua - ni - mi - ty. Then let's re - joice with
Tempo mo.
p

com - i - cal - Fal, la!, la! Fal, la!, la! How Na - ture al - ways does con - trive -
loud Fal la! - Fal, la!, la! Fal, la!, la! That

Fal, la, la, la! That ev - 'ry boy and ev - 'ry gal That's born in - to the

world a - live, Is ei - ther a lit - tle Li - be - ral, Or else a lit - tle Con - ser - va - tive!

Fal, la, la! Fal, la, la! Is ei - ther a lit - tle Li - be - ral, Or else a lit - tle Con -

ser - va - tive! Fal, la, la! 1st time. 2nd time. 2. When

Enter Fairies, R., tripping, and led by LEILA, CELIA, and FLETA.

No. 2.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES & PEERS.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO. *f*

FAIRIES.
Stre-phon's a Mem-ber of

Sua. *f*

Par - lia - ment! Car - ries ev - 'ry Bill he choos - es. To his mea - sures all as - sert;

Showing that fai - ries have their u - ses. Whigs and To - ries

E

Dim their glo - ries, Giv - ing an ear to all his sto - ries—Lords and Commons are both in the blues:

Stre - phon makes them shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes!

Sua.

pff.

Enter Peers from Westminster Hall. •

F *Unit.*

Shake in their shoes! Stre - phon makes them shake in their shoes, in their shoes!

F

PEERS.

Stre-phon's a Mem-ber of Par - lia-ment! Run-ning a-muck of all a-bus-es. His un-quan-ti-

-fied as-sent Some-how no-bo-dy now re-fu-ses.

Whigs and To-ries Dim their glo-ries, Giv-ing an ear to all his sto-ries, Car-ry-ing ev-'ry

Bill he may wish: Here's a pret-ty ket-tle of fish! Ket-tle of fish— Ket-tle of fish—
8va.

Ket - tie of fish— Ket - tie of fish— Here's a pret - ty ket - tie, a ket - tie of fish!

8va.

G FAIRIES.
Stre-phon's a Mem-ber of Par - lia-ment! Car - ries ev - 'ry Bill he choos - es.

G PEERS
Stre-phon's a Mem-ber of Par - lia-ment! Car - ries ev - 'ry Bill he choos - es.

To his mea - sures all as - sent, — Car - rying ev - 'ry Bill he may wish, Car - rying ev - 'ry

To his mea - sures all as - sent, — Car - rying ev - 'ry Bill he may wish, Car - rying ev - 'ry

Bill he may wish! Here's a pret - ty ket - tie of fish!

Bill he may wish! Here's a pret - ty ket - tie of fish!

f

Enter LORDS TOLLOLLER and MOUNT ARARAT.

LD. MOUNT. Perfectly disgraceful! disgusting!

CELLA. You seem annoyed.

LD. MOUNT. Amoyed! I should think so! Why, this ridiculous protégé of yours is playing the dence with everything! To-night is the second reading of his bill to throw the peerage open to competitive examination.

LD. TOLL. And he'll carry it, too!

LD. MOUNT. Carry it? Of course he will! He's a Parliamentary Pickford—he carries everything.

LEILA. Yes. If you please, that's our fault.

LD. MOUNT. The deuce it is!

CELLA. Yes; we influence the members, and compel them to vote just as he wishes them to.

LEILA. It's our system; it shortens the debates.

LD. TOLL. Well, but think what it all means! I don't so much mind for myself, but with a House of Peers with no grand-fathers worth mentioning the country must go to the dogs.

LEILA. I suppose it must.

LD. MOUNT. I don't want to say a word against brains—I've a great respect for brains; I often wish I had some myself—but with a House of Peers composed exclusively of people of intellect, what's to become of the House of Commons?

LEILA. I never thought of that.

LD. MOUNT. This comes of women interfering in politics. It so happens that if there is an institution in Great Britain which is not susceptible of any improvement at all, it is the House of Peers.

No. 3. SONG—(Lord Mountarat, with Chorus.)

1. When

Macfisto.

PIANO. *ff*

Bri - tain real - ly rul'd the waves—(In good Queen Bess - 's time) The House of Peers made
Wel - ling - ton thrash'd Bo - na - parte, As ev - 'ry child can tell, The House of Peers through -
while the House of Peers with - holds Its le - gis - la - tive hand, And no - ble states - men

no pre - tence, To in - tel - lec - tual am - in - ence, Or scho - lar - ship su - blime; Yet
out the war, Did no - thing in par - ti - cu - lar, And did it ve - ry well: Yet
do not itch To in - ter - fere with mat - ters which They do not un - der - stand, As

Bri - tain won her proud - est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days! Yet
Bri - tain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days! Yet
bright will shine Great Bri - tain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days! As

CHORUS. FAIRIES.

Bri - tain won her proud - est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days. Yes, Bri - tain won her
bright will shine Great Bri - tain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days. Yes, Bri - tain set the
PEERS. As bright will shine Great
Yes, Bri - tain won her
Yes, Bri - tain set the
As bright will shine Great

1st & 2nd times. Last time.

2. When
3. And

proud - est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days. days.
world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days. days.
Bri - tain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days. days.
proud - est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days. days.
world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days. days.
Bri - tain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days. days.

(Exeunt Chorus of Peers. Manent LORDS MOUNT, ARARAT
and TOLLoller, and Fairies.)

LEILA (*who has been much attracted by the Peers during the song*). Charming persons, are they not?
 CELIA. Distinctly. For self-contained dignity, combined with airy condescension, give me a British representative peer!
 LD. TOLL. Then, pray, stop this protégé of yours before it's too late. Think of the mischief you're doing!
 LEILA (*crying*). But we can't stop him now.—(*Aside to CELIA.*) Aren't they lovely?—(*Aloud.*) Oh why did you go and defy us, you great geese?

No. 4. DUET—(Leila, Celia, with Chorus of Fairies, Lord Mountarat, & Lord Tolloller.)

LEILA. 1st VERSE. *p*

CELIA. 2nd VERSE. 1. In vain to us you plead— Don't go!
 2. Your dis-re-spect-ful sneers— Don't go!

PIANO. *p staccato.*

f Your pray'rs we do not heed— Don't go! It's true we sigh, But
 Call forth in dig-nant tears— Don't go! You break our laws, You

don't sup- pose A tear-ful eye For- give-ness shows. Oh no! We're
 are our foe! We cry, be- cause we hate you so. You know! You

cres.

p *K* CHORUS.
 ve-ry cross in- deed, Yes, ve-ry cross. Don't go! It's
 ve-ry wick-ed Peers! You wick-ed Peers! Don't go! You

f *dim.* *p*

true we sigh— But don't sup - pose A tear - ful eye For - give - ness shows Oh no!
 break our laws, You are our foe! We cry, be - cause We hate you so! You know!

cres.

We're ve - ry cross in - deed, Yes, ve - ry cross, Don't go!
 You ve - ry wick - ed Peers, You wick - ed Peers, Don't

f *dim.* *p* *f*

2. go! Our dis - re - spect - ful

p *pp*

FAIRIES. LORD TOL, LORD MT., & PEERS.
 sneers, ha, ha! Call forth in - dig - nant tears, ha, ha! If that's the case, my dears— Don't go! We'll go!

Ereunt MOUNT ARARAT and TOLLOLLER. Fairies gaze wist-
 fully after them. Enter FAIRY QUEEN.

QUEEN. Oh, shame! shame upon you! Is this your fidelity to the laws you are bound to obey? Know ye not that it is death to marry a mortal?

LEILA. Yes; but it's not death to wish to marry a mortal.

FLETA. If it were you'd have to execute us all.

QUEEN. Oh, this is weakness! Subdue it!

LEILA. We know it's weakness, but the weakness is so strong!

QUEEN. Tough? Do you suppose that I am insensible to the effect of manly beauty? Look at that man (*referring to Sentry*). A perfect picture!—(*To Sentry*.) Who are you, sir?

SENTRY. Private Willis, B Company, First Battalion Grenadier Guards.

QUEEN. You're a fine fellow, sir.

SENTRY. I am generally admired.

QUEEN. I can quite understand it—(*To Fairies*.) Now, here is a man whose physical attributes are simply godlike. That man has a most extraordinary effect upon me. If I yielded to a natural impulse I should fall down and worship that man. But I mortify this inclination; I wrestle with it, and it lies beneath my feet. This is how I treat my regard for that man.

No. 5.

SONG—(Queen, with Chorus of Fairies.)

QUEEN.

1. Oh, fool - ish
2. On fire that

Andante.

PIANO.

p

say, Think you, be - cause His brave ar - ray My bo - som thaws, I'd dis - o - bey Our fai - ry
glows With heat in - tense I turn the hose Of com - mon sense, And out it goes At small ex -

p

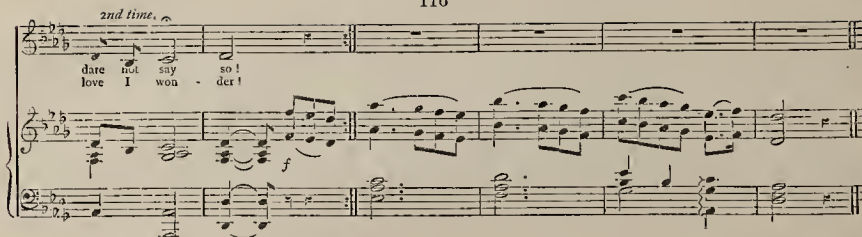
laws? Be - cause I fly In realms a - bove, In ten - den - cy To fall in
- pense! We must main - tain Our fai - ry law; That is the main On which to

love, Re - sem - ble I The am - 'rous dove? Re - sem - ble I the am - 'rous dove?
draw - In that we gain A Cap - tain Shaw! In that we gain A Cap - tain Shaw!

Oh, am-'rous dove! Type of O - vi - dius Na - so! This heart of mine Is
Oh, Cap-tain Shaw! Type of true love kept un - der! Could thy Bri-gade With

CHORUS.
soft as thine, Al - though I dare not say so! Oh, am-'rous dove!
cold cas-cade Quench my great love I won - der! Oh, Cap-tain Shaw!

QUEEN.
Type of O - vi - dius Na - so! This heart of mine Is soft as thine, Al-though I
Type of true love kept un - der! Could thy liri - gade With cold cas - cade Quench my great



Exeunt Fairies sorrowfully, headed by FAIRY QUEEN.

Enter PHYLLIS.

PHYL. (*half crying*). I can't think why I'm not in better spirits. I'm engaged to two noblemen at once. That ought to be enough to make any girl happy; but I'm miserable. Don't suppose it's because I care for Strephon, for I hate him! No girl would care for a man who goes about with a mother considerably younger than himself.

Enter LORD MOUNT ARARAT.

LD. MOUNT. Phyllis! my own!

PHYL. Don't! How dare you? But perhaps you are one of the noblemen I'm engaged to?

LD. MOUNT. I'm one of them.

PHYL. Oh! But how came you to have a peerage?

LD. MOUNT. It's a prize for being horn first.

PHYL. Oh, I see—a kind of Derby cup.

LD. MOUNT. Not at all. I'm of a very old and distinguished family.

PHYL. And you're proud of your race? Of course you are; you won it. But why are people made peers?

LD. MOUNT. The principle is not easy to explain.

Enter LORD TOLLOLLER, L.

LD. TOLL. Phyllis! my darling! (*embraces her*).

PHYL. Here's the other! Well, have you settled which it's to be?

LD. TOLL. Not altogether; it's a difficult position. It would be hardly delicate to toss up. On the whole, we would rather leave it to you.

PHYL. How can it possibly concern me? You are both earls, and you are both rich, and you are both plain.

LD. MOUNT. So we are. At least I am.

LD. TOLL. So am I.

LD. MOUNT. No, no!

LD. TOLL. Oh, I am indeed very plain.

LD. MOUNT. Well! well! perhaps you are.

PHYL. There's really nothing to choose between you. If one of you would forego his title and distribute his estates among his Irish tenants, why, then I should see a reason for accepting the other. [*PHYLLIS retires up.*]

LD. MOUNT. Tolloller, are you prepared to make this sacrifice?

LD. TOLL. No!

LD. MOUNT. Not even to oblige a lady?

LD. TOLL. No!

LD. MOUNT. Then the only question is, Which of us shall give way to the other? Perhaps, on the whole, she would be happier with me? I don't know; I may be wrong.

LD. TOLL. No, I don't know that you are. I really think that she would. But the painful part of the thing is, that if you rob me of the girl of my heart, one of us must perish.

LD. MOUNT. Again the question arises, Which shall it be? Do you feel inclined to make this sacrifice?

LD. TOLL. No!

LD. MOUNT. Not even to oblige a gentleman?

LD. TOLL. Impossible! The Tollollers have invariably destroyed their successful rivals. It's a family tradition that I have sworn to respect.

LD. MOUNT. I see. Did you swear it before a commissioner?

LD. TOLL. I did, on affidavit.

LD. MOUNT. Then I don't see how you can help yourself.

LD. TOLL. It's a painful position, for I have a strong regard for you, George (*shake hands*).

LD. MOUNT (*much affected*). My dear Thomas!

LD. TOLL. You are very dear to me, George. We were boys together—at least I was. If I were to destroy you, my existence would be hopelessly embittered.

LD. MOUNT. Then, my dear Thomas, you must not do it. I say it again and again: if it will have this effect on you, you must not do it. No, no! If one of us is to destroy the other, let it be me.

LD. TOLL. No, no!

LD. MOUNT. Ah yes! By our boyish friendship I implore you (*shake hands*).

LD. TOLL. (*much moved*). Well! well! be it so. But no, no! I cannot consent to an act which would crush you with unavailing remorse.

LD. MOUNT. But it would not do so. I should be very sad at first—oh! who would not be?—but it would wear off. I like you very much (*shake hands*), but not, perhaps, as much as you like me.

LD. TOLL. George, you're a noble fellow, but that tell-tale tear betrays you. No, George, you are very fond of me, and I cannot consent to give you a week's uneasiness on my account.

LD. MOUNT. But, dear Thomas, it would not last a week. Remember, you lend the House of Lords; on your demise I shall take your place. Oh, Thomas! it would not last a day!

LD. TOLL. It's very kind and thoughtful of you to look at it in that light, but there's no disguising it, George—we're in a very awkward position.

PHYL. (*coming down*). Now, I do hope you're not going to fight about me, because it really isn't worth while.

LD. TOLL. I don't believe it is.

LD. MOUNT. Nor I. The sacred ties of friendship are paramount. No consideration shall induce me to raise my hand against Thomas.

LD. TOLL. And in my eyes the life of George is more sacred than love itself.

No. 6. QUARTETT—(Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mount., & Sentry.)

LORD TOL.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO. *p*

Tho' p'raps I may in - cur your blame, The things are few I

LORD MOUNT.

would not do In Friend - ship's name! And I may say I

think the same; Not e - ven love Should rank a - bove True Friend - ship's

PHYLLIS. A

name! Then 'fsee me, pray; be mine the blame: For - get your craze And

go your ways, In Friend - ship's name— In Friend - ship's

B

name! Oh, ma-ny a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield-ed for-tune, rank, and fame! But

LORD TOL. Oh, ma-ny a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield-ed for-tune, rank, and fame! But

LORD MOUNT. Oh, ma-ny a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield-ed for-tune, rank, and fame! But

SENTRY. Oh, ma-ny a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield-ed for-tune, rank, and fame! But

Oh, ma-ny a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield-ed for-tune, rank, and fame! But

B

cres. no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a pro-mised bride!

cres. no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a pro-mised bride!

cres. no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a pro-mised bride!

cres. no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a pro-mised bride! Ac-

a tempo. **f** This sa

f This sa cri-

f This sa

ad lib. *cres.* **f** ecpt, oh Friend-ship, all the same, This sa - - cri-

dim. *p* *rall.*

cri - fice to thy dear name! Ac - cept this sa - cri - fice to

dim. *p* *rall.*

fice to thy dear name! Ac - cept this sa - cri - fice to

dim. *p* *rall.*

cri - fice to thy dear name! Ac - cept this sa - cri - fice to

dim. *p* *rall.*

fice to thy dear name! Ac - cept this sa - cri - fice to

pp

thy dear name!

pp

thy dear name!

pp

thy dear name!

pp

thy dear name!

p

(After Quartette, exeunt PHYLLIS and LORDS TOLLOLLER and MOUNT ARARAT.)

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR, very miserable.

No. 7

RECITATIVE & SONG—(Lord Chancellor.)

Allegro.

PIANO *f.*

RECIT. LORD CHAN.

Love, un-re-quit-ed, robs me of my

A a tempo.

rest: Love, hope-less love, my ar-dent soul en-

f.

B

- cum-bers: Love, night-mare like, lies hea-vy on my chest,

B

fz *dim.*

a tempo.

And weaves it-self in-to my mid-night slum-bers!

p



Allegro ma non troppo.

When you're ly - ing a - wake with a

p

dis - mal head - aches, and re - pose is ta - boo'd by anx - i - e - ty, I con - ceive you may use a - ny

lan - guage you choose to in - dulge in, with - out im - pro - pri - e - ty; For your brain is on fire - the

bed - clothes con - spire of u - su - al slum - ber to plun - der you: First your coun - ter - pane goes, and un -

- co - vers your toes, and your sheet slips de - mure - ly from un - der you; Then the blank - et - ing tie - kles—you

feel like mixed pic - kles—so ter - ri - bly sharp is the prick-ing, And you're hot, and you're cross, and you

tum - ble and toss till there's no-thing 'twixt you and the tick-ing. Then the bed-clothes all creep to the

ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tan-gle; Next your pil - low re - signs and po -

- lite - ly de - clines to re - main at its u - su - al an - gle! Well, you get some re - pose in the

form of a doze, with hot eye-balls and head e-ver ach-ing, But your slum-ber-ing teems with such

hor-ri-ble dreams that you'd ve-ry much bet-ter be wak-ing; For you dream you are cross-ing the

G

pp

Chan-nel, and toss-ing a-bout in a steam-er from Har-wich— Which is some-thing between a large

bath-ing ma-chine and a ve-ry small se-cond class car-riage— And you're giv-ing a treat (pen-ny

ice and cold meat) to a par-ty of friends and re-la-tions— They're a ra-ven-ous horde—and they

H
all came on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations. And bound on that jour-ney you find your at - tor - ney (who

start - ed that morn - ing from De - von); He's a bit un - der - siz'd, and you don't feel sur - pris'd when he

J
tells you he's on - ly e - le - ven. Well, you're driv - ing like mad with this sin - gu - lar lad (by - the -

bye the ship's now a four - wheel - er), And you're play - ing round games, and he calls you bad names when you

K
tell him that "ties pay the deat - er;" But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you

find you're as cold as an i - ci - cle; In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), cross-ing

Sal's - bu - ry Plain on a bi - cy - cle; And he and the crew are on bi - cy - cles too—which they've

some-how or o - ther in - ves - ted in— And he's tell - ing the tars, all the par - ti - cu - lars of a

com - pa - ny he's in - ter - est - ed in— It's a scheme of de - vi - ces, to get at low pri - ces, all

goods from cough mix - tures to ca - bles (Which tie - kl'd the sai - lers) by treat - ing re - tail - ers, as

though they were all ve - ge - ta - bles— You get a good spades-man to plant a small trades-man, (first

M M

take off his boots with a boot-tree), And his legs will take root, and his fin - gers will shoot, and they'll

blos - som and bud like a fruit-tree— From the green-gro - cer tree you get grapes and green - pen, cau - li -

N N

- flow - er, pine - ap - ple, and cran - ber - ries, While the pas - try - cook plant, cher - ry bran - dy will grant, ap - ple

puffs, and three-cor - ners, and ban - ber - ries— The shates are a pen - ny, and e - ver so ma - ny are

O O

Sempre p

ta - ken by Roths-child and Ba - ring, And just as a few are al - lot - ted to you, you a -

- wake with a shud - der des - pair - ing. You're a reg - u - lar wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no

pp

won - der you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've nee - dles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your

cre

flesh is a - creep, for your left leg's a - sleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some

scen *do.*

R
huff in your lung, and a fe - ver - ish tongue, and a thirst that's in - tense, And a gen - e - ral sense that you

R
dim.

have - n't been sleep - ing in clo - ver; But the

cre *scen* *do.*

S dark - ness has pass'd, and n's day - light at last, and the night has been

S

p

long - dit - to, dit - to my song— And thank good - ness they're both of them

cre *scen* *do.* *f* *colla voce.*

o - - - ver!

Con fuoco.

f

During the last lines LORDS MOUNT ARARAT and TOLLOLLER have entered. They gaze sympathetically upon the LORD CHANCELLOR's distress. At the end of his song they come forward.

LD. MOUNT. I am much distressed to see your lordship in this condition. LD. CHAN. I feel the force of your remarks, but I cannot make up my mind to apply to myself again. I am here in a

LD. CHAN. Ah, my lords, it is seldom that a Lord Chancellor-double capacity. Firstly, as a Lord Chancellor entrusted with for has reason to envy the position of another, but I am free to the guardianship of this charming girl; and, secondly, as a confess that I would rather be two earls engaged to Phyllis than suitor for her hand. In my latter capacity I am overawed by any other half-dozen noblemen upon the face of the globe. my dignity in my former capacity; I hesitate to approach my-vialle position.

LD. TOLL. (without enthusiasm). Yes. In a way, it's an en-self--it unnerves me. LD. TOLL. It's a difficult position. This is what it is to have

LD. MOUNT. Oh yes--no doubt most enviable. At the same two capacities. Let us be thankful that we are persons of no time, seeing you thus, we naturally say to ourselves, "This is capacity whatever.

very sad. His lordship is constitutionally as blithe as a bird-- LD. MOUNT. But take courage! Remember, you are a very he trills upon the bench like a thing of song and gladness. His just and kindly old gentleman, and you need have no hesita-series of judgments in F sharp, given *andante* in six-eight time, tion in approaching yourself, so that you do so respectfully and are among the most remarkable effects ever produced in a court with a proper show of deference.

of Chancery. He is, perhaps, the only living instance of a judge LD. CHAN. Do you really think so? Well, I will nerve my-whose decrees have received the honor of a double enore. How self to another effort, and if that fails I resign myself to my fate. can we bring ourselves to do that which will deprive the court of Chancery of one of its most attractive features?"

No. 8. TRIO--(Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat, & Lord Chancellor.)

Tempo di Valse.

PIANO. *f*

LORD TOLL., 2ND VERSE.

He who shies At such a prize Is not worth a

LORD MOUNT, 1ST VERSE.

If you go in You're sure to win-- Yours will be the

ma - ra - ve - di, Be . . . so kind To bear in mind—
 charm - ing mai - die : Be . . . your law The an - cient saw,

A (Together each verse.)

"Faint heart ne - ver won fair la - dy!" Ne - ver, ne - ver,
 "Faint heart ne - ver won fair la - dy!" Ne - ver, ne - ver,
 LORD CHAN.
 Ne - ver, ne - ver,

B

ne - . . ver. "Faint heart ne - ver won fair la - dy!"
 ne - . . ver. "Faint heart ne - ver won fair la - dy!"
 ne - . . ver. "Faint heart ne - ver won fair la - dy!"
 B

1. Ev - 'ry jour ney has an end—
2. While the sun shines make your hay—

1. Ev - 'ry jour ney has an end—
2. While the sun shines make your hay—

1. Ev - 'ry jour ney has an end—
2. While the sun shines make your hay—

When at the worst af - fairs will mend— Dark the dawn when
Where a will is, there's a way— Beard the li - on

When at the worst af - fairs will mend— Dark the dawn when
Where a will is, there's a way— Beard the li - on

When at the worst af - fairs will mend— Dark the dawn when
Where a will is, there's a way— Beard the li - on

day in is nigh— Has - tle your horse and don't say die!
in his hair— None but the brave de - serve the fair!

day in is nigh— Has - tle your horse and don't say die!
in his hair— None but the brave de - serve the fair!

day in is nigh— Has - tle your horse and don't say die!
in his hair— None but the brave de - serve the fair!

LD. CHAN.

I'll take heart, And make a start— Though I fear the

prospect's shadow— Much I'd spend To gain my end—

E LD. TOL.

Ne ver, ne ver,

LD. MOUNT.

"Faint heart ne ver won fair la dy!"

E

Ne ver, ne ver,

ne - - ver, "Faint heart ne - ver won fair la - dy!"

ne - - ver, "Faint heart ne - ver won fair la - dy!"

ne - - ver, "Faint heart ne - ver won fair la - dy!"

F

No - thing ven - ture, no - thing win -

No - thing ven - ture, no - thing win -

No - thing ven - ture, no - thing win -

p

Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin - In for a pen - ny,

Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin - In for a pen - ny,

Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin - In for a pen - ny,

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round!

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round!

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round!

G ff
No - thing ven - ture, no - thing win, Blood is thick, but

f
No - thing ven - ture, no - thing win, Blood is thick, but

f
No - thing ven - ture, no - thing win, Blood is thick, but

wa - ter's thin— In for a pen - ny, in for a pound— It's

wa - ter's thin— In for a pen - ny, in for a pound— It's

wa - ter's thin— In for a pen - ny, in for a pound— It's

Love that makes the world go round !
Love that makes the world go round !
Love that makes the world go round !

The musical score consists of three vocal staves and two piano staves. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment is in G major, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and more complex melodic lines in the right hand, including some triplets. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present in the piano part.

Dance, and exeunt arm-in-arm together.

Enter STREPHON.

No. 9.

RECITATIVE & SONG—(Strephon.)

Quasi RECIT.

My

Allegro pesante.

PIANO. *f* *dim.*

Bill has now been read a se- cond time: His rea- dy vote no Mem-ber now re- fus- es; In

ve- ri- ty I wield a pow'r sub- lime, And one that I can turn to migh- ty us- es! What

joy to car- ry, in the ve- ry teeth of Min- is- try, Cross-Bench, and Op- po- si- tion, Some

ra - ther ur - gent mea - sures - quite be - neath The ken of pa - triot and po - li - ti - cian!

Fold your flap - ping wings, Soar - ing Le - gis - la - ture! Stoop to lit - tle things - Stoop to Hu - man

Na - ture! Ne - ver need to roam, Mem - bers pa - tri - o - tic,

Let's be - gin at home - Crime is no ex - o - tic! Bit - ter is your

bane— Ter - ri - ble your tri - als,— Din - gy Dru - ry Lane!

rall.

f *dim.*

Soap - less Se - ven Di - als!

f

Take a tip - sy lout, Ga - ther'd from the gut - ter— Hus - tle him a - bout— Strap him to a
Take a wretch - ed thief Through the ci - ty sneak - ing, Pock - et hand - ker - chief E - ver, e - ver

p

shut - ter: What am I but he, Wash'd at hours stat - ed—
seek - ing: What is he but I Robb'd of all my chan - ces—

p

Fed on fi-la-gree— Clothed and e-du-ca-ted? He's a mark of
 Pick-ing pock-ets by Force of cir-cum-stance? I might be as

cres. f

scorn,— I might be an o-ther, If I had been born Of a
 bad— As un-luck-y, ra-ther—

1st time.

fin f

tip-sy mo-ther! If I'd on-ly had . . . Fa-gin for a

2nd time.

p ff colla voce.

fa-ther!

ff

Enter PHYLLIS.

PHYL. (*starting*). Strephon!
STREPH. (*starting*). Phyllis! But I suppose I should say, "My Lady." I have not yet been informed which title your ladyship has pleased to elect.
PHYL. I haven't quite decided. You see, I have no mother to advise me.

STREPH. No; I have.
PHYL. Yes, a young mother.
STREPH. Not very—a couple of centuries or so.
PHYL. Oh, she wears well.
STREPH. She does; she's a fairy.
PHYL. I beg your pardon—a what?

STREPH. Oh, I've no longer any reason to conceal the fact—she's a fairy.

PHYL. A fairy! Well, but—that would account for a good many things. Then I suppose you're a fairy?

STREPH. I'm half a fairy.
PHYL. Which half?
STREPH. The upper half—down to the waistcoat.

PHYL. Dear me! (*prodding him with her fingers*). There is nothing to show it. But why didn't you tell me this before?

STREPH. I thought you would take a dislike to me. But as it's all off, you may as well know the truth—I'm only half a mortal.

PHYL. (*crying*). But I'd rather have half a mortal I do love than half a dozen I don't.

STREPH. Oh, I think not. Go to your half dozen.
PHYL. (*crying*). It's only two, and I hate 'em! Please forgive me.

STREPH. I don't think I ought to. Besides, all sorts of difficulties will arise. You know my grandmother looks quite as young as my mother. So do all my aunts.

PHYL. I quite understand. Whenever I see you kissing a very young lady I shall know it's an elderly relative.

STREPH. You will? Then, Phyllis, I think we shall be very happy (*embracing her*).

PHYL. We won't wait long before we marry; we might change our minds.

STREPH. Yes—we'll get married first.

PHYL. And change our minds afterwards.

STREPH. Yes, that's the usual course.

No. 10.

DUET—(Phyllis & Strephon.)

Allegro gioioso.

PIANO. *f*

STREPHON.

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I, Of the feel - ing

I in - spire You may tire . . By and bye; For peers with flow - ing cof - fers

A

A

p

Press their of - fers, That is why I am sure we should not tar - ry Ere we mar - ry,

PHILLIS.

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,
You and I.

With a more at - trac - tive mai - den, Jew - el la - den, You may fly; If by chance we

should be part - ed Bro - ken heart - ed I should die. So I think we will not tar - ry

Ere we mar - ry, You and I. Ah, Ah,

Ah,

Ped. *

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I, With a more at -

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I, Of the feel - ing

- trac - tive mai - den, Jew - el la - den, You may fly. You and

I in - spire, You may tire . . . By and bye, Of the feel - ing I in - spire,

f

I, If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry,

You may tire... By and bye... If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry,

p

You and I, With a more at - trac - tive mai - den, Je - wel la - den, You may fly.

You and I, Of the feel - ing I in - spire, You may tire By and bye.

p

So I think we will not tar - ry Ere . . . we mar - ry, Ere we mar - ry,

So I think we will not tar - ry Ere . . . we mar - ry, Ere we mar - ry,

The image shows a page from a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree." It includes vocal parts for a Soprano and a Tenor, and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts have lyrics: "You . . . and I, You . . . and I, You and". The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

Con Pedale.

PHYL. But does your mother know you're— I mean is childless; and, dearly as I love him, I am bound, under penalty
she aware of our engagement? of death, not to deceive him. But see, he comes! Quick!
Enter LOUISE. my veil! *(Retires up.)*

Enter IOLANTHE.

10. She is, and thus she welcomes her daughter-in-law (*kisses her*). Enter LORD CHANCELLOR. IOLANTHE retires with STREPHON and PHYLLIS.

PHYLL. She kisses just like other people! But the Lord

LD. CHAN. Victory! victory! Success has crowned my efforts, and I may consider myself engaged to Phyllis. At first

STREPH. I had forgotten him.—Mother, none can resist your I wouldn't hear of it; it was out of the question. But I took fairly eloquence. You will go to him and plead for us? heart. I pointed out to myself that I was no stranger to myself

10. (*aside*). Go to him?—(*Abund.*) No, no! impossible! —in point of fact, I had been personally acquainted with myself
STREPH. But our happiness, our very lives, depend upon our for some years. This had its effect. I admitted that I had
obtaining his consent. watched my professional advancement with considerable interest.

PRY. Oh, madam, you cannot refuse to do this? and I handsomely added that I yielded to no one in admiration
 Jo. You know not what you ask! The Lord Chancellor is for my private and professional virtues. This was a great point
 my husband! gained. I then endeavored to work upon my feelings. Con-

STREPH. and PHYL. Your husband?
 Io. My husband and your father! (*Strephon overcome.*)
 PHYL. Then our course is plain. On his learning that reluctantly, most reluctantly consented

STREPHON is his son, all objections to our marriage will be at once removed. (IOLANTHE comes down, STREPHON and PHYLLIS going off')

Io. Nay, he must never know. He believes me to have died. But whom have we here?

No. 11.

RECIT. & BALLAD—(Iolanthe.)

RECIT. IOLANTHE.

Allegro agitato.

My Lord, a suppliant at your feet I kneel,

PIANO. *f*

RECIT.

Oh, lis - ten to a mo - ther's fond ap - peal!

a tempo.

f

RECIT.

Hear me to - right! I come in ur - gent need— 'Tis for my son, young Stre-phon, that I plead!

p

Andante non troppo lento.

He loves! If in the by - gone years Thine eyes have e - ver shed Tears— bit - ter, un - a -

- vail - ing tears - For one un - time - ly dead - If in the e - ven - tide of life Sad thoughts of her a -

- rise, Then let the mem - 'ry of thy wife Plead for my boy - he dies! He

dies! If fond - ly laid a - side In some old ca - bi - net, Me - mo - rials of thy long - dead bride Lie,

dear - ly trea - sur'd yet, Then let her hal - low'd bri - dal dress - Her lit - tle dain - ty

gloves - Her wi - ther'd flow'rs - her fa - ded tress - Plead for my boy - he loves!

The LORD CHANCELLOR is moved by this appeal. After a pause—

Attacca No. 12.

No. 12. RECITATIVE—(Iolanthe, Queen, Lord Chancellor, & Fairies.)

RECIT. LD. CHAN. *a tempo. Moderato.*

It may not be— for so the fates de-cide! Learn thou that Phyl-lis is my pro-mis'd

PIANO.

A a tempo vivace.

bride!

A

ff

IOLANTHE.

Thy bride! No! No!

LD. CH

It shall be so! Those who would se-pa-rate us woe

mf

con espress.

B a tempo.

IOLANTHE.

be-tide! My

B

p

CHORUS (without).

doom thy lips have spo-ken— I plead in vain! For - bear! . . . For . . .

IOLANTHE. FAIRIES.

- bear! . . . A vow al-rea - dy bro - ken I break a - gain! For

IOLANTHE. C

. . . bear! . . . For - bear! . . . For him— for her— for thee I yield my

dim. e rit.

più lento. *p* *Andante Moderato.* D FAIRIES.

life. Be - hold—it may not be! I am thy wife! Aia .

pp *p*

. . . iah! Aia - iah! Aia - iah! Aia - iah! Wil-la - loo! . . . Wil-la - loo! . . .

pp

LD. CH. RECIT. IOLANTHE. *Lento.* *Andante*

I - o - lan - the! thou liv - est? Aye! I live! Now let me die! . . .

Enter FAIRY QUEEN and Fairies. IOLANTHE kneels to her.

QUEEN.

Once a - gain . . . thy

E

vows are bro - ken: Thou thy - self thy doom hast

FAIRIES.

spo - ken! Aia - - iah! Aia - - iah! Aia - - iah! Aia -

F

QUEEN.

iah! Wil - la - ha - lah! Wil - la - loo! Wil - la - ha - lah! Wil - la - loo! . . . Bow . . . thy

head to Des - ti - ny: Death thy doom, and thou . . . shalt

FAIRIES.

die! Aia - iah! Aia - . iah! Aia - . iah! Aia - .

iah! Wil - la - ha - lah! Wil - la - loo! Wil - la - ha - lah! Wil - la - loo! . . .

*The Peers and STREPHON enter. The QUEEN raises her spear.
LORD CHANCELLOR and STREPHON implore her mercy, LEILA
and CELIA rush forward.*

LEILA. Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for as she has sinned, so have we.

QUEEN. What? (Peers and Fairies kneel to her—Lord Mount Ararat with LEILA; Lord TOLLOLLER with CELIA.)

CELIA. We are all fairy duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses and baronesses.

LD. MOUNT. It's our fault; they couldn't help themselves.

QUEEN. It seems they have helped themselves, and pretty freely too!—(After a pause.) You have all incurred death, but I can't slaughter the whole company. And yet (unfolding a scroll) the law is clear: Every fairy must die who marries a mortal!

LD. CHAN. Allow me, as an old equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple; the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who don't marry a mortal, and there you are, out of your difficulty at once!

QUEEN. We like your humor. Very well. (Altering the MS. in pencil.)—Private Willis!

SENTRY (coming forward). Ma'am?

QUEEN. To save my life it is necessary that I marry at once. How should you like to be a fairy Guardsman?

SENTRY. Well, ma'am, I don't think much of the British soldier who wouldn't inconvenience himself to save a female in distress.

QUEEN. You are a brave fellow. You're a fairy from this moment. (Wings spring from SENTRY's shoulders.)—And you, my lords, how say you? Will you join our ranks?

LD. MOUNT (Fairies kneel to Queen, and implore them to do so.)

LD. MOUNT (to TOLLOLLER). Well, now that the peers are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence, I really don't see what use we are down here.

LD. TOLL. None, whatever.

QUEEN. Good! (Wings spring from the shoulders of Peers.)—Then away we go to Fairyland!

No. 13. FINALE—(Phyllis, Iolanthe, Queen, Leila, Celia, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountarat, Strephon, Lord Chancellor, & Chorus of Fairies & Peers.)

Tempo di Valse.

PIANO.

PHYLLIS. 1st VERSE.

LD. CHAN. 2nd VERSE.

As you can see, Ev - 'ry one is now a fai - ry!

Hap - py ex - change— House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

A PHYLIS, 1st V.

B

Ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, Ev - 'ry one is now a fai - ry!

TOL., 1st V.

Ev - 'ry ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, Ev - 'ry one is now a fai - ry!

QUEEN, 1st V.

Ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, Ev - 'ry one is now a fai - ry!

LD. TOL., 2nd V.

Pe - ris, Pe - ris, Pe - ris, House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

LD. MOUNT., 2nd V.

Pe - ris, Pe - ris, Pe - ris, House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

LD. CH., 2nd V.

Pe - ris, Pe - ris, Pe - ris, House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

B

A

B

Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings go to

Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings go to

Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings go to

Up in the air, sky high, sky high. Free from Wards in

Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in

Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in

ev - 'ry bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to

ev - 'ry bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to

ev - 'ry bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to

Chan - ce - ry, He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's such a sus - cep - ti - ble

Chan - ce - ry, He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's such a sus - cep - ti - ble

Chan - ce - ry, I shall be sure - ly hap - pier, for I'm such a sus - cep - ti - ble

1st time. 2nd time.

ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor!

ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor!

ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor!

ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor!

ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor!

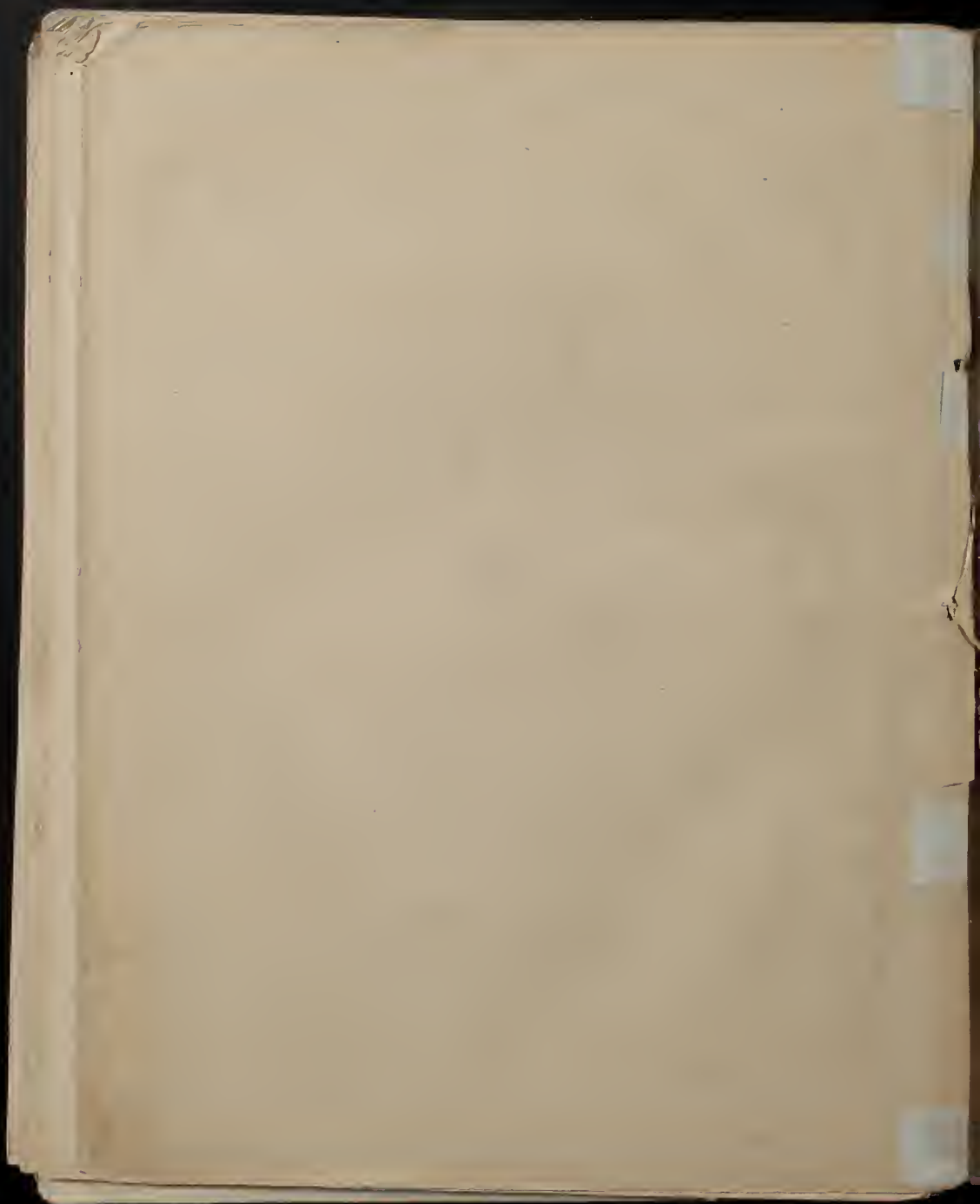
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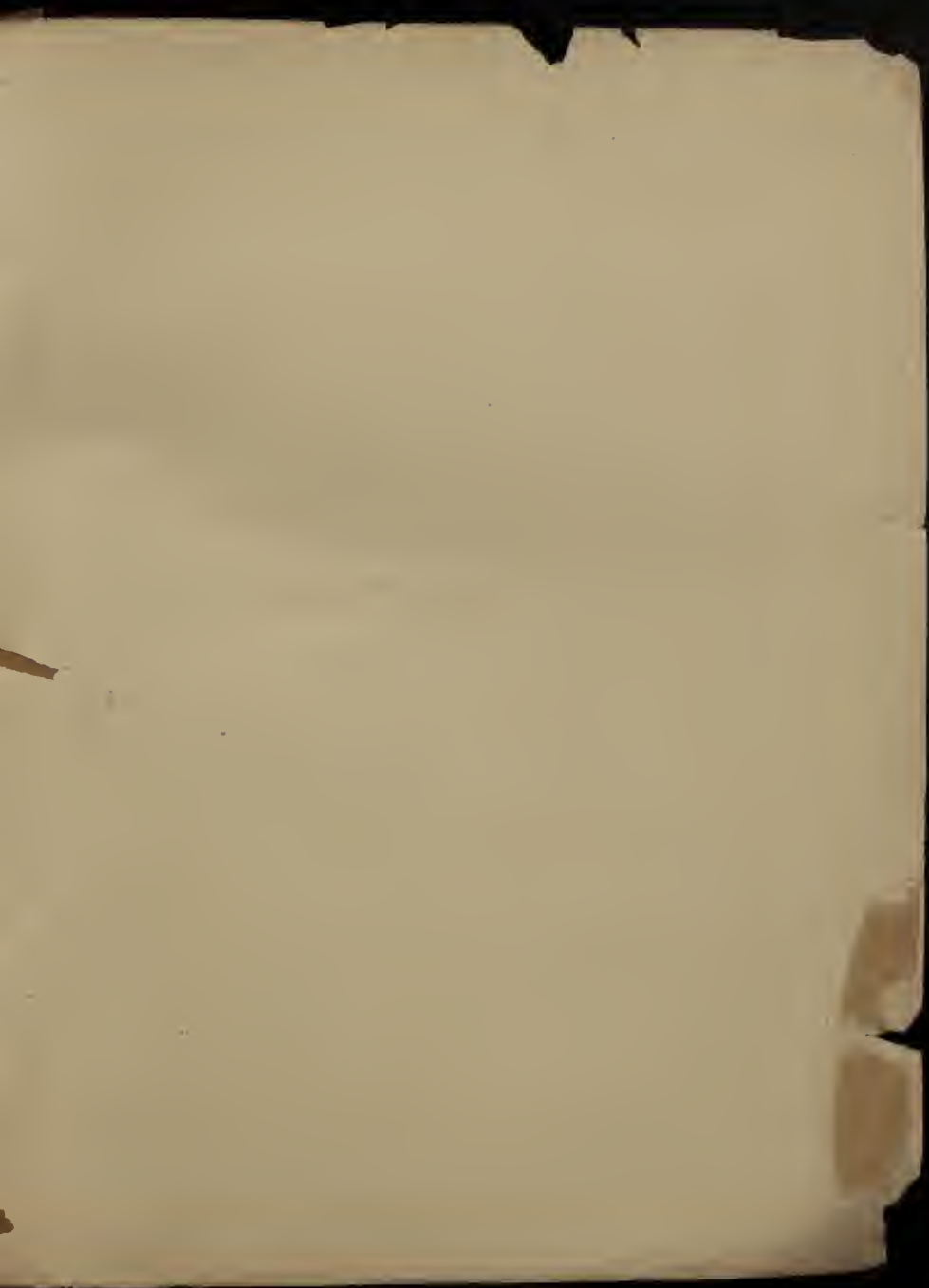
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Ped

*

End of Opera.





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